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No. 861—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1872.

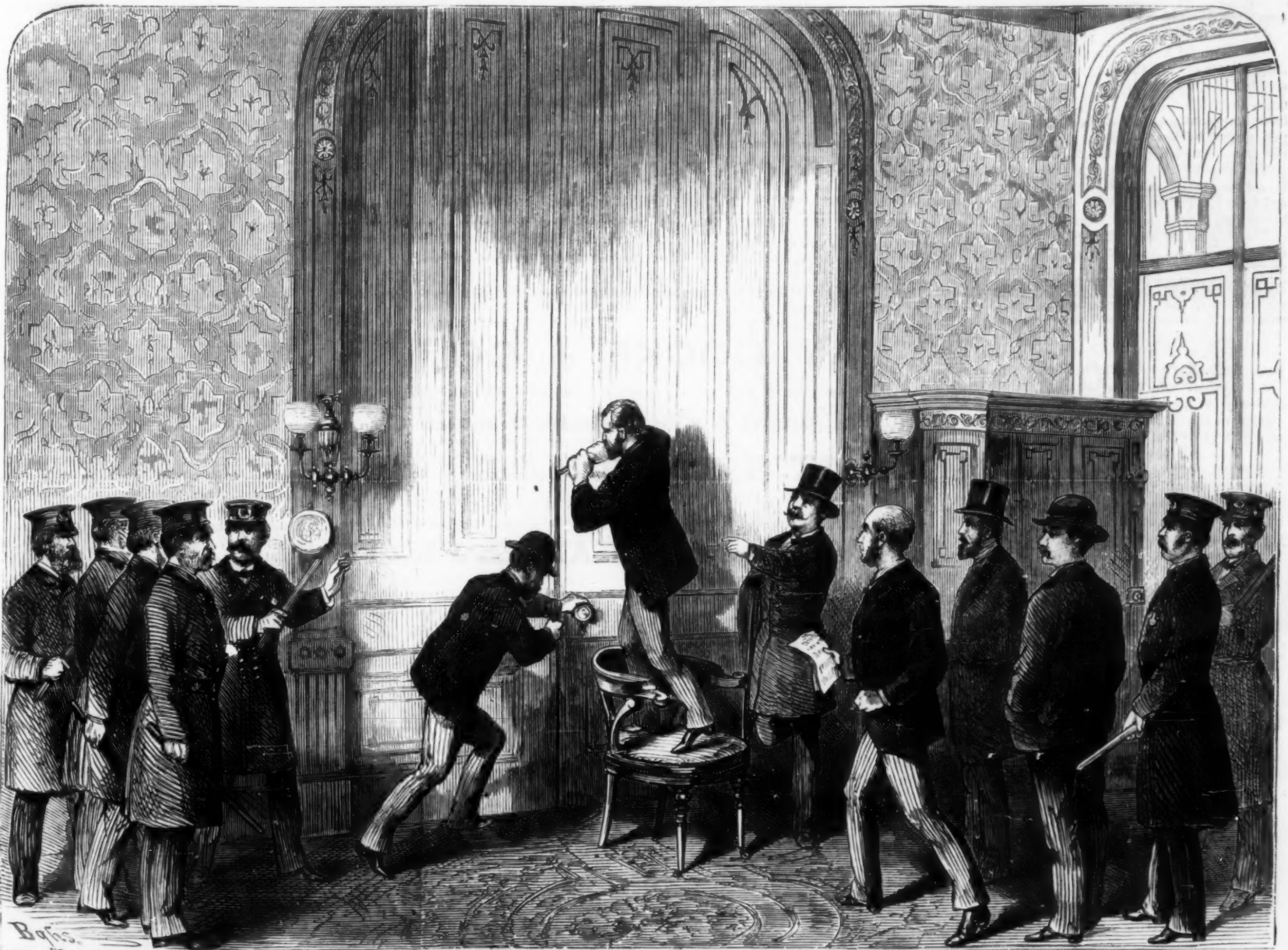
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THE ERIE WAR.—JAY GOULD ENDEAVORING TO AVOID THE SERVICE OF LEGAL PAPERS ON HIM.



THE ERIE WAR.—THE GOULD PARTY RESISTING THE ATTEMPT OF THE NEW BOARD TO FORCE AN ENTRANCE INTO THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.



THE ERIE WAR.—THE NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ERIE RAILWAY FORCING AN ENTRANCE INTO THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.—SEE PAGE 43.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1872.

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SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY!

THE election in New Hampshire has terminated as we supposed it would, and probably as it is best it should, in a small Republican plurality. From eight thousand majority for General Grant, in 1868, the Republican, on a full, if not unprecedented vote, has dwindled down to a paltry fifteen hundred.

Had Senator Patterson, who is by instinct and through principle what is now called a Liberal Republican, openly declared against the Administration and fought an independent battle, he would have secured a following sufficiently strong in the Legislature to have enabled him, by combination with the Democrats, to go back to the Senate. He ought to have known, what every man, except himself, perhaps, well knew, that his close search into the iniquities of the New York Custom House had alienated Grant and his myrmidons, and that Presidential influence would be fully exerted against his re-election. We fear he is a better professor than politician.

The election in New Hampshire was something like a double-shot gun—dangerous at the muzzle and dangerous at the breech. If the Democracy had been successful in any marked way, the "Old Bourbons" of the party would, probably, have become "cranky" and impracticable, and repeated the egregious blunders they committed in nominating McClellan, and not nominating Mr. Chase. We trust that, with the experience of the last twelve years, they will reach the logical conclusion of the fellow who got kicked down the second flight of stairs, and "begin to suspect" that it is time to recognize "the inexorable logic of facts." Mr. Sweeney found a Winter residence in Canada, "out in the cold," with the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero, pleasant and refreshing, and there are people, perhaps, who prefer the scenery of the upper tributaries of Salt River to the not too salubrious banks of the Potomac. There is no accounting for tastes.

We said last week, what the result has substantially proved to be true, that the insane injection of "Free-Trade" into the New Hampshire canvass destroyed the not too promising prospect of a Democratic success. The new and prosperous manufacturing town of Manchester, for instance, which last year went Democratic, now gives four hundred and eighty majority for the Administration candidate for Governor. And so elsewhere! We forget the exact Biblical quotation about "braying a fool in a mortar," but we shall believe in the uselessness of the performance, if the Democratic leaders fail to recognize the lesson of their last twelve years' pounding.

We are glad to hear from the *World* that the Democratic Party is satisfied with the result of the New Hampshire election. It gives its reasons:

"It confirms the certainty of Grant's renomination, precludes the taking up of any other candidate who might reunite the Republican Party, and though last not least, it removes the last vestige of danger that

any portion of the Democratic Party will protest against the complete abandonment of dead issues."

Now, except the folly of adhering to dead issues, we know of no stupidity so astounding as the intrusion or attempt at intrusion of issues unnecessary, impossible to realize and largely offensive. Heaven knows that the platform on which Liberal Republicans and honest Democrats can stand without compromise to principle is broad enough and strong enough. But keep out the rotten planks.

We repeat here what we have said elsewhere in this paper: the question of tariffs, "revenue," "protective" or "judicious," is one to be decided by the exigencies of the day, which may vary with the contingencies of the country. Just try direct taxation—theoretically the true thing—on Hans or Pat, or on "any other man," and see where you will land!

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE Cincinnati Convention of Liberal Republicans is to meet on the 1st of May. The time has now come for an expression of preferences in regard to the men to be there put in nomination for President and Vice-President—these preferences, however, to be subordinated to the action of the Convention. We have no hesitation in declaring for Trumbull, of Illinois, and Walker, of Virginia, for reasons not now necessary to set forth, but which are politic as well as personal.

The *World* eulogizes Mr. Adams, and seems to regard him as properly first in the list of Presidential Reform candidates. It says, nevertheless:

"The drift of Democratic sentiment favors the nomination of some Liberal Republican of high character; and in such a combined movement as is now in contemplation, there are likely to be conflicting preferences in the early stages of the movement. Whether the candidate finally settled upon, after a fair comparison of views, be Mr. Adams, Governor Brown, Senator Trumbull or Judge Davis, we shall give him an equally hearty support. Mr. Adams's qualifications for the office are pre-eminent; and yet it may be the final judgment of the two Conventions that some other admirable candidate would have more chances of an election. 'I do not prescribe,' said a physician, 'the best medicine I know, but the best I can get the patient to take.'"

The *Sun*, first to declare for Mr. Trumbull, has found no reason to change its views. It says:

"The West, which takes the lead in this movement to redeem the country, will therefore bring before the Convention only two of its distinguished citizens, Senator Trumbull and Judge Davis. Which of them will be likely to draw the greater support to the ticket?"

"In considering this question, we must bear two things in mind: first, that the prime object of the movement is not merely to select an acceptable candidate who will make a good run, but to nominate a man who can be elected; and, secondly, that though the combination which is to support him must be made up of political elements drawn from both the great parties, the Democrats are expected to supply three-fourths of the voters in November. In a word, the Cincinnati Convention does not contemplate the organization of a third party, hostile to each of the existing parties, but it aims to secure practical co-operation between the great mass of the Democracy and the Liberal or Reform Republicans, upon the solid, open, honest ground that those who substantially concur in opinion on the living issues of the day ought to act together."

THE WORK OF THE MILITARY RING.

GRANT'S Administration pretended to sympathize with Prussia, during the recent war between that nation and France.

It went further.

Not content with such expressions of amity and good will as nations ordinarily employ toward each other, through their diplomatic representatives, Grant publicly congratulated the Kaiser William on the success of the Prussian arms.

And, to illustrate the direful effects of the treachery and infamy of the Military Ring, which proffers friendship through one of its representatives, while it deals in death-stabs through another, we hang on our gallery-walls another picture, "The Work of the Military Ring."

And this is a sad and terrible picture, as it is, indeed, a correct and proper reflection of the corruption and villainy that fills the highest and ruling positions of the Republic.

There, on the bastion, overlooking the broad field of death, where sleep so many of this country's best friends, stand Uncle Sam and Senator Schurz.

U. S.—"And these dead, that lie so thickly about here?"

Schurz—"Are Prussians, sir."

U. S.—Prussians! Why! These were our friends?"

Schurz—"Certainly."

U. S.—"And these arms have a familiar look."

Schurz—"They came from your arsenals and storehouses?"

U. S.—"Yes! I was told that the Ordnance Bureau, wishing to economize, had made a few sales?"

Schurz—"But, was it not a trifle singular that the economy fever should break out in that department just when and as it did?"

U. S.—"Please explain, Senator."

Schurz—"Well, sir: From March, 1865, when our war concluded, to July, 1870, when the German and French war began, the largest sale of arms made by this economical Ordnance Bureau, to any firm or individual, was that of 13,191 Austrian muskets, in June, 1867, for \$23,084, not considering the 114,000 Enfield and 125,000 Springfield muskets sold in July, 1868, and the 100,000 Springfield muskets sold in January, 1870, to the Turkish Government."

U. S.—"You wish to have me infer that, prior to the German and French war, individuals had not been heavy purchasers of my arms."

Schurz—"Precisely. Now, then, the Ordnance Bureau first felt the economy fever violently in October, 1870, and in a most extraordinary manner."

"For, on the 19th of that month the department sold to Remington & Sons 50,000 Springfield muskets, 14,757 Remington carbines, 19,434 Spencer carbines and 17,517,822 Spencer cartridges, for \$1,281,763."

U. S.—"Well. That was rather a large purchase for a firm to make in the ordinary course of business."

"What did the Turkish Government pay for those cleaned and repaired Springfields?"

Schurz—"Seven dollars."

U. S.—"What did the Remingtons pay for the same kind of guns?"

Schurz—"Five dollars."

U. S.—"Were there other sales?"

Schurz—"Yes; 110,000 of the same class of guns were sold on the 20th of the same month of October to another firm, for nine dollars and thirty cents."

U. S.—"Then, these Remingtons can buy guns of the Ordnance Bureau for five dollars, while other parties have to pay seven and nine dollars?"

Schurz—"Such is the economy of that immaculate department."

U. S.—"And the Ordnance Bureau sold the Remington arms back to the manufacturers?"

Schurz—"Certainly, and the best of all the other breech-loaders."

U. S.—"What is the record of these Remingtons?"

Schurz—"They have been on excellent terms with the Ordnance officers for some years past, and at the time of this sale the bureau knew they were agents for France."

U. S.—"These arms, then, were sold by the United States, and put into the hands of the French?"

Schurz—"And you see the results."

U. S.—"Senator, this is horrible! But tell me, were other sales made?"

Schurz—"Oh, yes. On the 20th of the same month of October the bureau sold to various persons 15,000 Spencer carbines, 7,238,000 Spencer cartridges, 58,000 Enfield rifles, 300,000 Springfield muskets and 34,550,000 musket cartridges, for \$4,403,707."

U. S.—"A tolerably fair day for trade."

Schurz—"Oh, yes; there was much thrift in the Ordnance Bureau at that time."

"And in January, 1871, 24,000 breech-loading Springfield muskets, with 3,922,280 rounds of ammunition therefor, 580 Spencer rifles and 1,600 Joslyn breech-loaders were sold to another firm, for \$697,877."

U. S.—"What became of all these arms?"

Schurz—"Well, sir, Prussia was not then in the market for arms, and France was. And each one of those sales has an hundred dead representatives lying about here."

U. S.—"But, Senator, these Springfield breech-loaders and Remingtons were the arms I had adopted for my own soldiers."

"They were not out of date, nor unserviceable. They are known to be the best breech-loaders in the world. They have been brought to perfection, after great expenditure of time and money, and I don't see the economy in this."

Schurz—"Please allow me to suggest, sir: There was no economy there. None whatever. And none was intended."

"These sales were brought about by a corrupt and mercenary Ring, made up of the present and late staff officers of that party, U. S. Grant."

"They not only sold your second-hand muskets and your best breech-loaders at less than their value and actual cost, but they knew at the time they were going into the hands of the French. Why, sir, they carted these arms directly from your arsenals to the French steamers, and divided between them the price of the blood of these dead men."

U. S.—"Do I understand you to say that the men who fought for me in the recent war are in this Ring?"

Schurz—"Oh, no, sir. The fighters never have anything to do with contracts, or sales, or purchases."

"It's the Staff you will find there—of that manner of man that was put in charge of the warehouses of the New York Custom House."

"They who went into the service with nothing above their heads but their hair, and are now rich. They who fought lustily with beef and clothing contracts well in the rear, and called in their fathers and distant relatives. Of such is your Military Ring—the Leets and Stock-

ings, the Porters and Babcocks, and the impetuous Ingalls.

"But the head and front of all this offending is that man who has dragged all these public leeches up out of the mud with him—who, from his experience and relations, knows as well what transpires in the military circles of the Government as I know when the sun shines."

"Grant knew the Remingtons were agents for the French. He knew why cleaned and repaired Springfield muskets were sold to the Remingtons at \$4.30 on a gun less than their market value, and less than the same guns were sold for two days after, and \$2 less than the same guns had been sold for six months before."

"And he knows what became of the thirty field-batteries which were transported across the harbor of New York in the night-time. Indeed, what he don't know of such military operations as those you see about you, and these I have described, is past all finding out."

"But his spine was removed by the Ring—the Dent family attending—soon after his elevation to the Presidency; and he can and will stoop lower now than any man on the American continent."

And so, good taxpayer, we give you this picture and these figures to ponder over. The reflection and true statement of the wickedest scandal ever attached to the American name.

And we ask you to help us to wrest this Government from the clutches of the Military Ring which has fouled and besmeared the fair name and fame of the Republic.

THE CORPORAL.

SUBSIDIZING THE PRESS.

ONE of the most common devices of despots in all countries, is subsidizing the Press, and manufacturing public opinion through this medium. This was one of the favorite games of the late Emperor Napoleon, and as General Grant seems to have made him his model, he has imitated him in this instance also.

He has had a similar fate in this matter, too, for as a full *exposé* has been made of the French plan, just after the Emperor's downfall, so the recent debates in the Senate have thrown light on the matter here.

Senator Schurz first struck this scent, which since has been followed up, and unearthed many sly foxes. Now, we hold that the independent expression of opinion is the highest function of a free Press in a free country. Any Press, or any editor convicted of being only a paid advocate, working for a price, immediately loses the public confidence, and justly so. So that a fraud must be practiced on the public, either directly or indirectly, to produce the opposite impression.

The old term of "party organ" was a significant one, for it meant exactly what the name implied. Its editor was nothing more than an organ-grinder, and the Press a mere machine, which could grind out only, at stated intervals, certain tunes—a piece of mechanism like a hurdy-gurdy, for whose melodies a few coppers were the proper recompense, but from which no genuine music might be expected, such as would touch the heart.

The unpopularity and inutility of such recognized organs having been generally acknowledged, the thing ceased in name, but continues in reality, and under this Administration has been extensively used.

In a contemporary, the other day, we saw a list of office-holding editors given, which surprised us, for it proved how much of the Government patronage had been poured into this channel, and how much of what is called public opinion is manufactured.

The catalogue was suggested, the exposure made by Senator Schurz of the source whence Mr. Conkling derived his opinion of Missouri's sentiment, the editor in that instance being an internal revenue collector, who was paying for his office in that coin.

If there could be anything calculated to shake public confidence in the utterances of the Press, an *exposé* like this would accomplish that end.

"The coggling and insinuating knave that wants an office," is not more unreliable nor more zealous than he who wishes to retain that he already enjoys; but the statement of that little circumstance discredits his testimony as that of an interested witness.

It is one way of subsidizing the Press, which in no respect differs from a more open bribe, and the two functions of office-holder and editor should never be combined in the same person.

But the discovery of this system of tactics on the part of the President renders it essential for the public to accept with many grains of allowance statements proceeding from any quarter liable to the taint of such a suspicion.

With that strong common sense and practical sagacity which distinguished him, Mr. Lincoln saw the importance of keeping the Press above such undue influences from politicians. An anecdote has recently been related by a Baltimore editor in relation to this matter, which will bear repeating at this time.

An editor applied to Mr. Lincoln for some small local post, and the President, on reading the letter, remarked to the bearer that he observed the recommendation was not endorsed by the Governor and members of Congress of the State from which the application came. The reply was that journalists had the power of making Governors and members of Congress, and that, therefore, their independence was imperiled when they asked favors of public men. Mr. Lincoln, after a moment's silence, responded:

"You are right. The Press should not place itself under obligations to any one, if it desires to maintain its independence and usefulness."

These words are worthy of being written in letters of gold, for they embody a great and wholesome truth.

This has ever been the principle on which this paper has been conducted, long before its conductor knew he had such high authority for adopting it.

But the predecessor of General Grant was an honest man, and self-seeking and dirty devices were alien to his nature. Therefore he enunciated this truth, and acted upon it; while his shadow, now sitting in his chair, has adopted precisely the opposite policy, and by every means in his power seeks to make the Press his convenient tool and instrument.

There are many different shapes which bribery may take. Sir Robert Walpole said: "Every man has his price." Some are bought, by soft words, others by profitable posts, others by jobs, and others still by hard cash.

An editor who accepts any post of profit under an Administration, disqualifies himself from speaking freely of that Administration. The two positions are incompatible. He cannot serve two masters—his patrons and the public—and is apt to serve best the master whose pay is most certain.

Therefore, when you hear a howl against the attacks made on the President by disaffected Senators of his own party, raised in any Press, it may be as well to inquire whether it is not one of the subsidized ones, whose editorial organ-grinder is earning his promised pennies that way.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE history of the late war remains to be written, critically and impartially. When this is done, the *tableau* of Appomattox will fade beside the glories of Gettysburg, which was the decisive, if not the crowning battle of the war. The unfading laurels of the conflict were reaped on Cemetery Hill and on the heights that flanked it. From the day of that bloody fight the rebellion reeled to its fall. The credit of the *coup de grâce* does, and probably will always attach to General Grant. Yet the iron pen of History will not fail to record, in stern phrase and with rigorous justice, the facts connected with General Grant's ultimate campaign, and which a grateful people were, for the time, too glad to forget. A facetious and perhaps not too useful a friend of the President, to whom the Senate and the stump seem to be interchangeable positions, recently declared that "Grant had been in the Wilderness before, and he will come out of this (the Congressional onslaught) as he did before." But let us see how he "came out of the Wilderness before." On assuming command, May 4th, 1864, he had of effective men, besides the reserve, when he crossed the Rapidan, 125,000. Lee, at the same date, had an effective force of 52,000. Grant's reinforcements up to the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d, were 97,000. Lee's reinforcements up to the same date were 18,000. Grant's total force, including reinforcements, was 222,000. Lee's total force, including reinforcements, was 70,000. Returns to their respective Governments show that when both armies had reached the James, June 10th, the number of Grant's army that had been put *hors de combat* was 117,000. Up to the same date the number of Lee's army that had been put *hors de combat* was 19,000. Grant had more than three men for every one that Lee had—222,000 to 70,000. Grant lost more than six men for every one that Lee lost—117,000 to 19,000. Grant lost as many men as Lee had, and 12,000 over half as many more besides—117,000 to 70,000. Grant having in the first instance more than twice as many men as Lee—125,000 to 52,000—yet had to be reinforced by more men than all Lee ever had—97,000 to 70,000. These enormous armies did not suffice to overthrow Lee. This line, which was fought on all Summer, was abandoned. All that Summer and the Fall succeeding, and then the Winter, and at last the Spring, were spent before, by this system of exchanging six dead or wounded Northern soldiers for every one dead or wounded Southern soldier, the exhaustion of Lee and his army became complete at Appomattox Court House. This being the way in which Grant got out of the military Wilderness, we may imagine over what a rack and overthrow and ruin of the best interests of his country he will, if he does, escape from the wilderness of popular doubt and disfavor that now environs his path to re-election.

"J. S. P.," a Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, in whom we recognize our late able representative at the Hague, has faithfully investigated the condition of South Carolina, and gives the results of his inquiries in nervous, and we doubt not truthful language. He says:

"The condition of South Carolina is deplorable. In the days of Secession it was the greatest offender. In the days of Reconstruction it is the greatest sufferer. The Government of the State was formerly in the hands of an aristocracy. They were a body of men, jealous, wilful, dogmatic, but high-toned and honorable. The roll of its Representatives in Congress for nearly three-quarters of a century, the names of its civic and military heroes in the War of the Revolution, shine with a lustre that is undimmed by comparison with the men of any other State. The population of the State is over 400,000 blacks, and something under 300,000 whites. The result of the War has made a yet greater disproportion in the comparative numbers of the voting population. These are estimated to be in the proportion of 40,000 white to 60,000 black voters, the aggregate being over 100,000. But in the Legislature, out of 124 members, there are but 13 representatives of the white minority. Without going into details, it is enough to say that the men who lead and manage the Legislature and the State Government are thieves and miscreants. The great body of the Legislature are the ignorant and corrupt instruments with which the leaders work, and though the individuals composing this mass are bought and sold like cattle in the market, their venality in some cases is relieved of much of its criminality by reason of the denseness of their ignorance. Numbers of the blacks who occupy seats in the Legislature regard themselves only in the light of employees of the Government. Their pay is six dollars a day for the session and special pay for their separate votes on every measure in which there is money. These votes are bought and sold without even a pretense of hiding the flagitious transaction. The negro himself is hardly conscious of criminality, while he makes his bargain. He owns his mule. He sells it. He owns his chicken. He sells it. He considers his vote just as much a part of his personal property as his mule and his chicken. Why should he not sell it also? He does sell it, and he naively wonders that anybody should complain."

The debt of the State since the War has been increased by \$11,000,000. And this sum has been, million by million, dollar by dollar, deliberately stolen by the villains who have had possession of the State since that period, with the exception of such moderate sums as were necessitated by the measures of reconstruction. One thing seems plain to the most ordinary apprehension. The condition of things now existing in South Carolina would not be borne a month in any Northern State without a taxpayers' league being organized to resist the payment of all taxes imposed for fraudulent purposes, and without the swift establishment of a court of lynch law. So much treason as that exists in the blood of every American citizen worthy of his birthright.

It is not always easy to comprehend the New York *World* and the New York *Evening Post*. There is a wonderful Bunburyism about their utterances at times that "no fellow can understand." We hope we do not mistake the former as to the policy of leaving Protection and Free Trade, both, out of the approaching Presidential canvass. It correctly represents the Republican opponents of General Grant as maintaining that the question of Free Trade and Protection had been for forty years before the war warmly and often fiercely debated, with varying fortunes and frequent changes from low to high and from high to low duties; and that yet, in spite of all the agitation, the Constitution was not impaired or endangered, the Government not very expensive, and the people generally prosperous. The tariff is not a question which affects the stability of our institutions. The corrupt carpet-bag governments of the South, the monstrous corruption of the civil service, the mismanagement of our foreign relations, our disordered currency, and the usurpation by the Federal Government of the powers of the States, are not traceable to the tariff in any way. No President of any party ever vetoed a tariff bill. Tariffs, high or low, are questions of expediency, and are made or unmade by Congress, according to public exigencies.

ALL travelers by steamboat or rail will rejoice in the final decision in the trial suit of Mrs. Jane Madden, whose husband was killed by the explosion of the steamer *Westfield*, last Summer. She has recovered five thousand dollars. As about one hundred and twenty others were killed, and this is to be taken as a minimum amount of award of damages, the owners of that vessel will be mulcted in over half a million of dollars. After that they will perhaps think it more profitable to use good boilers, and to employ as engineers others than ignorant negroes, unable to read or write, and who testify on examination that they think a "vacuum" is "bad air."

ONE of the most significant signs of the times is the following letter, from a man who is a "captain in Israel":

"NEW YORK, February 29, 1872.
"DEAR SIR: I am not for Grant if there is any help for it, as I trust there may be.
"Send all you can to Cincinnati Convention, and come yourself. New York will be largely represented there.
Yours,
"J. N. Boyd, Esq., Chillicothe, Mo."

THE use of asbestos as a piston-rod packing is now engaging the attention of engineers. It is stated that friction has no appreciable effect on the asbestos packing, and however high the temperature may be, this packing seems to be unaffected.

SIGNIFICANT.

PARTY PLATFORMS AND THE TARIFF.—The *World* intimates dissatisfaction with the platform and action of the Republican Party regarding the Tariff question. May not their faultiness be explained if not excused by the suggestion that they were not designed and shaped especially to satisfy the *World*? If the *World* earnestly seeks a basis of substantial accord between parties on questions of Political Economy, it will allow us to suggest the utterance of the last Democratic National Convention, held in Tammany Hall, July 4-6th, 1868, as possibly affording such basis. We think we could stand on that, fairly interpreted. Could the *World*?

Let us look facts in the face. The Republican Party is preponderantly favorable to Protection, as the Democratic is to what it calls Free Trade. But in either party there is a dissident minority so formidable that it cannot wisely and safely be defied, and it is not. Republican Free-Traders have always enjoyed equal consideration and respect in the party's councils with others, and so have Democratic Protectionists. Here are Mr. Samuel J. Randall and his ten colleagues in the House, who (Pig-ironically speaking) are Democrats; does the *World* propose that they be compelled to become Free-Traders or ruled out of the Democratic Party? And if not, what is to be done with them?—*New York Tribune*, March 14th.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

National Thanksgiving in England on the Recovery of the Prince of Wales.

The English papers are full of the incidents of the recent Thanksgiving Services upon the recovery of the Prince of Wales, which were held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th of February last. On that day, as had been previously announced, the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Royal family attended divine service in the cathedral to offer up special thanks to the Almighty for the recovery of the Prince. The vast interior of the grand cathedral church had been arranged to accommodate a congregation of 13,000 persons. The central space under the dome was allotted to those of highest rank, the Queen, with the Royal family, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Corps Diplomatique and distinguished foreigners, the Judges and dignitaries of the law, the Lords Lieutenant and Sheriffs of counties, and the representatives of the Universities and other learned bodies. From the numerous illustrations of the event which fill the foreign pictorial Press, we select as the most interesting the arrival of the Queen at St. Paul's, the interior of St. Paul's during the services, and the Triumphal Arch erected at Ludgate Circus, to which, as a fitting companion, we add a picture of the royal convalescent himself driving out, the Princess holding the ribbons.

The International Football Match.

Football, within the last few years, has made great progress in popular favor in England. The rules of the game as practiced at the famous Rugby School are recognized as controlling all important contests. Last year an international match was played at Edinburgh between an English twenty and an equal number of Scotchmen, in which the English were defeated. It was then determined that the match should be an annual one, and on the 5th of February last the return game was played at Kennington Oval, the result being a reversal of the Edinburgh verdict. Our engraving represents one of the most exciting passages in the match. It was during the first three-quarters of an hour's play, when the English were defending the goal, when the wind blowing full in their faces. After a stoutly contested scrimmage, the ball was forced through the Scottish ranks, and kicked past their "half back," almost up to the goal line. Here it was caught by one of the "backs," but, before he could take his "drop kick," he was charged and sent spinning backward by a strong English "forward;" the ball flew almost straight up into the air, and the whole English twenty rushed on in impetuous career for the Scotch quarters.

Entry of the Expedition into Ghardala, Algeria.

The recent news from Algeria is of an encouraging character. In the three provinces belonging to France quiet is being rapidly restored, and by the end of January reorganization might be said to be complete. Several expeditionary columns were in operation simultaneously—that of General de Lacroix in the province of Constantine, the column mobile of Guyville in the province of Ouzan, and, finally, the column mobile of Methil in the province of d'Alger. It is the march of this last column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel de Lammerz, which forms the subject of our illustration.

The Carnival at Turin.

It was predicted that Turin would die when the Italian Government was transferred from that place to Florence, but that movement took place, and Florence has since lost its position as the capital, and Turin not only survives, but is very lively. The carnival here, as in all places where it is celebrated, is the culminating point of the gaiety of the year. Our illustration gives a representation of the procession in the place "Victor Emmanuel," the special feature being the grotesque gigantic figure, Gaudy II, and his spouse Giacouetta, a burlesque couple symbolizing the rejoicing of the season.

The Car of Dupuy de Lorne's New Balloon.

This new attempt at aerial navigation is attracting much attention, both in Great Britain and France, as well as this country. We have already published an illustration of the recent ascent at Vincennes, in which the general appearance of the balloon was depicted. We now give a representation of the car. It is of wicker-work, and of sufficient size to contain comfortably the windlass for the screw, and eight men to work it; the ventilator, with which to manage the small balloon—we shall have to speak of this presently—and the man who attends to it. In all, fourteen persons can be accommodated. The driving-screw is directly carried by the car. The shaft of the screw is a hollow steel tube. This shaft is constructed so as to allow of the screw being easily dismounted when a landing is effected. The rudder is fixed to the balloon itself, and the screw, as we said, is below it, and immediately attached to the car. Two blades only are used in the screw, instead of four, because when the ground is touched the two blades can be placed horizontally, so as to escape injury. Were there four blades, the screw would be almost certain to be broken whenever a landing was effected. The windlass which turns the screw is worked by four, or, if necessary, eight men, in a similar manner to the steering-wheel of a ship—only the wheel is placed parallel to the axis of the car, instead of at right angles to it, in order to lessen the rolling occasioned by the movements of the men working the windlass.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE EXPOSÉ OF POLYGAMY: A LADY'S LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS. A record of Personal Experience as one of the Wives of a Mormon Elder, during a period of more than twenty years. American News Company: New York.

The American News Company have just published a very interesting work entitled, "The Exposé of Polygamy in Utah," by Mrs. T. H. Stenhouse, of Salt Lake City, whose name is so familiar in connection with the Mormons. It is beautifully illustrated, well written, and presents one of the most vivid and faithful pictures of life among the "Saints" that has ever been given to the world. In fact, it is the only story of the crimes and follies of Polygamy that has ever been penned by a Mormon wife, and is calculated at this time, when the affairs of Utah are again the subject of public discussion, to attract considerably attention. The writer tells her own sorrows and trials as one of the wives of a Mormon Elder, during more than twenty years. The whole system of Mormonism in respect to "plural marriages" is lucidly and graphically explained, and the effects of Polygamy in the debasement of men, the martyrdom of women, and its pernicious influence even upon young children, are vividly set before the mind of the reader. The utter misery of the first wife when her husband "adds another jewel to his crown" is pathetically depicted. The reader is startled to hear of men marrying their mothers-in-law and even their half-sisters, and find with astonishment that, for a man to marry two or even three sisters in one day is considered by no means an extraordinary occurrence in Salt Lake City. Brigham Young is of course noticed, and we have an illustration representing him surrounded by his nineteen wives, all personally known to the authoress, and a lively account of how he contrives to get on with them all. Ladies will no doubt be glad to hear from one of their own sex all about the trials and sorrows of their sisters in Mormondom.

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK. T. B. Peterson & Bros.: Philadelphia.

This is probably the most complete work ever published on the subject. It is by the former chief cook to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and contains about fifteen hundred different receipts, embracing the various systems of English, French, German and Italian cookery. It is reprinted from the ninth London edition, is embellished with sixty-two illustrations, with the addition of numerous new dishes and bills of fare which are not found in the previous editions. The work is published in a large royal octavo volume of six hundred pages, printed in Peterson's best style, and is sent free of postage upon receipt of five dollars.

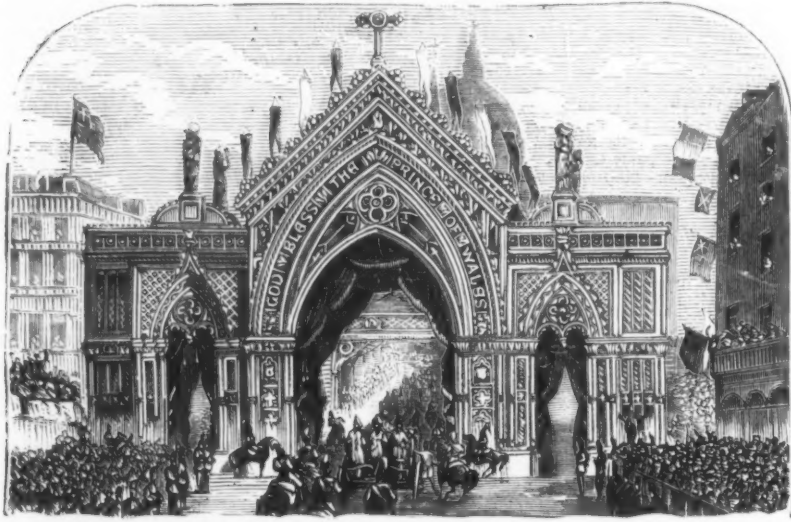
THE NEXT OPERATIC SEASON.

It is, at last, a settled thing. We are positively informed that we are to have Mademoiselle Pauline Lucca in New York next season. The matter has hung fire during the last four or five months, and has been lengthily argued by letter and cable telegram. New York wished Mr. Jarrett to secure the fair Pauline for the Academy of Music. He offered her many and golden arguments for consenting. But Berlin had a prior right to the great tragic, melodramatic and comic vocalist. Berlin for the time owned her. The Emperor William and Bismarck are men accustomed to have their own way, and refused to allow the great attraction of the Berlin opera to quit the Prussian capital. However, the sparkling and lovely Lucca has a wheedling and winning tongue. She has at last carried the point; and during the close of this year, and the beginning of the next, will capture as many ears and eyes in the New World—to say nothing of hearts—as she had done in the Old one. In addition to this promise, we understand that Mr. Jarrett intends returning to Europe at the end of April to secure her a company suitable to support her. If he carries out this part of his programme, we predict that he will give us next year the best operatic company we have ever had at the Academy of Music.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WACHTEL is improving.
JANAUSCHEK is at the South.
AIMÉE is en route to California.
MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is in Edinburgh.
BOSTON treated Nilsson very liberally.
FECHTER is engaged for a London season.
"BUFFALO BILL" fills the Bowery nightly.
NEW ORLEANS has had a fine performance of "Robert le Diable."
"LALLA ROOKEE" at the Grand Opera House, New York, is gorgeous.
THE Jubilee Singers (colored) were at the Tremont, Boston, last week.
"LITTLE EM'LY," after a repose of two years, has been revived at the Globe.
"THE BLACK CROOK," at the Boston Theatre, is creating quite a *furor*.
OLE BULL does not appear as often as the public wish. He was last in Milwaukee.
MRS. CONWAY has brought out "Fernande" at the Brooklyn Theatre, with success.
THE Drury Lane, London, has a man who imitates wonderfully the notes of every bird.
MISS ANNA MEHLIG continues her pianoforte matinée recitals at Steinway Hall, to increasing audiences.
"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has thrown bricks enough in the Olympic to build the new Post Office, and is still at it.
JOACHIM, the eminent violinist, is at present in St. Petersburg, and resides in the palace of the Grand Duchess Helene.
By the last change at Booth's, Mr. Edwin Booth acted as *Marc Antony*; Mr. Creswick, *Cassius*; and Mr. Bangs, *Brutus*.
"MAGNOLIA," a Southern drama, was the attraction at the Boston Museum last week. It is twelve years since it was played.
GILMORE now wants to fire a cannon in London by means of the cable, while his big band plays "God Save the Queen" in Boston.
MRS. JOHN WOOD has drawn about her a large circle of friends since she appeared at Niblo's. Pocahontas was the happy go-between.
ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, and Mr. Bent, solo cornet of the Royal Artillery Band, London, appeared at the Twelfth Philharmonic rehearsal, Brooklyn.
AS THE Nilsson season of opera draws near its close, the demand for seats increases. The interest in her singing was as enthusiastic last week as when she first arrived.
THE kaleidoscope that governs the stage at Wood's Museum has been given another turn, and now "The Workmen of New York" is to be commended to the friends of Temperance.

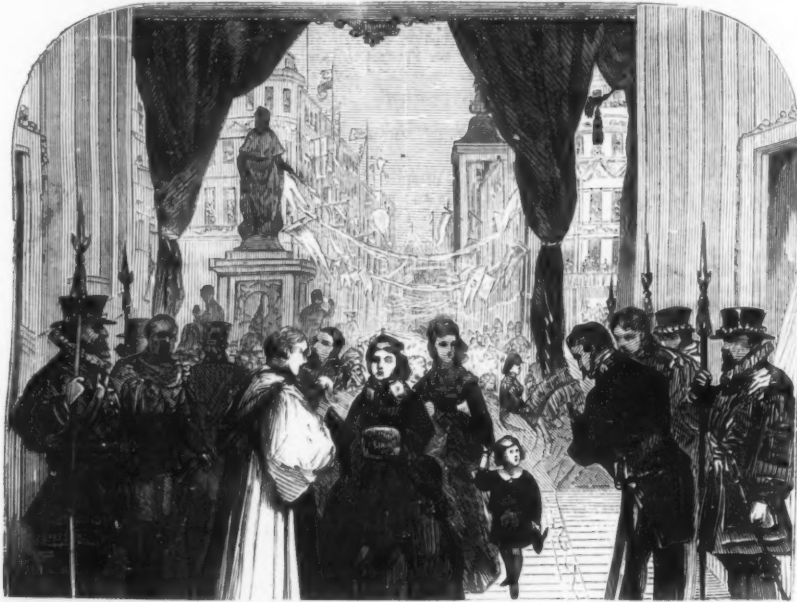
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



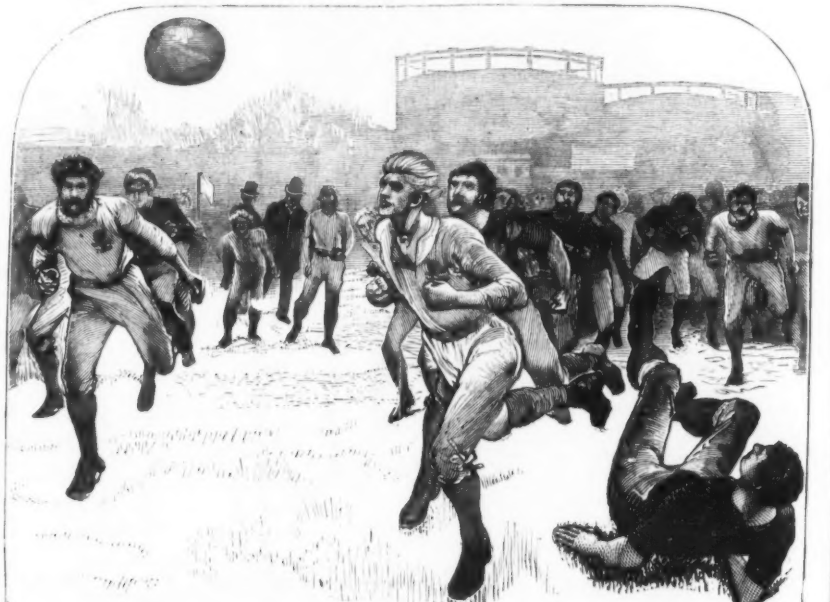
ENGLAND.—THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING—TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT LUDGATE CIRCUS.



ENGLAND.—THE CONVALESCENT PRINCE OF WALES.



ENGLAND.—THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



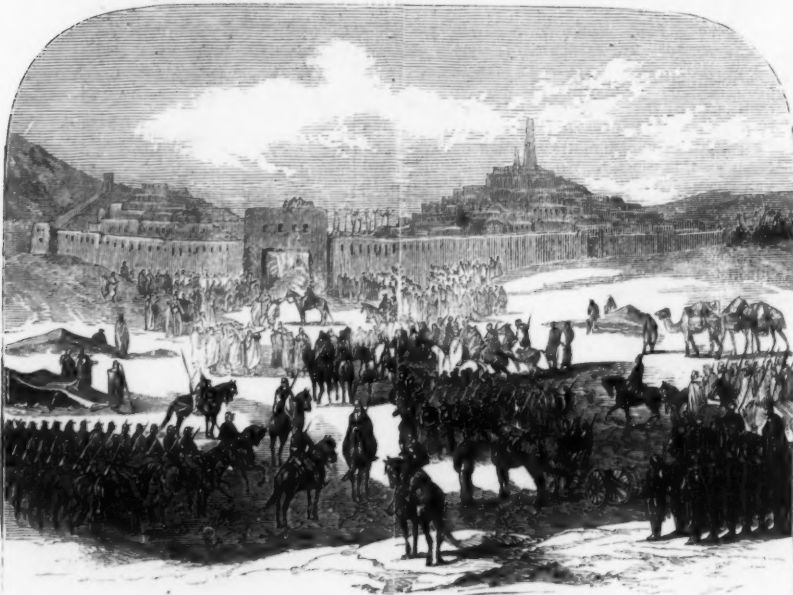
ENGLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL FOOT-BALL MATCH AT KENNINGTON OVAL.



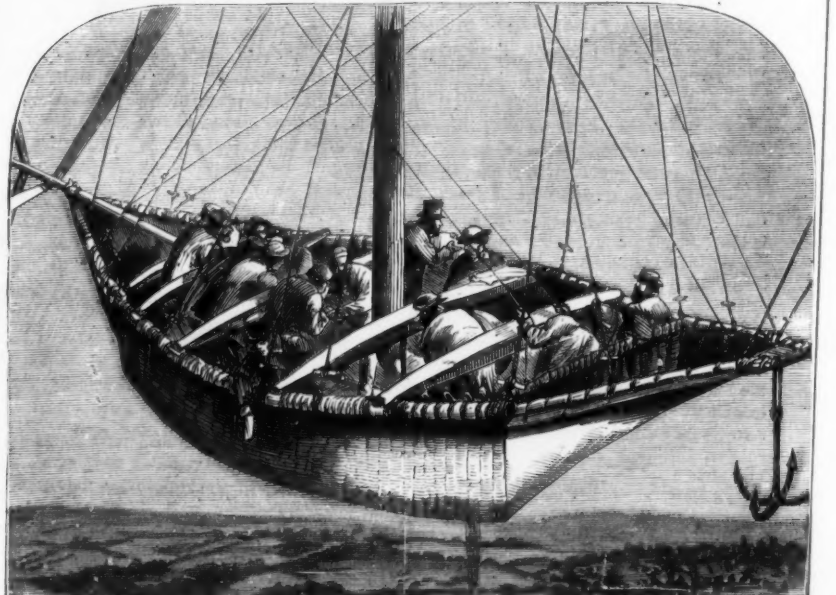
ENGLAND.—THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING—SERVICES IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



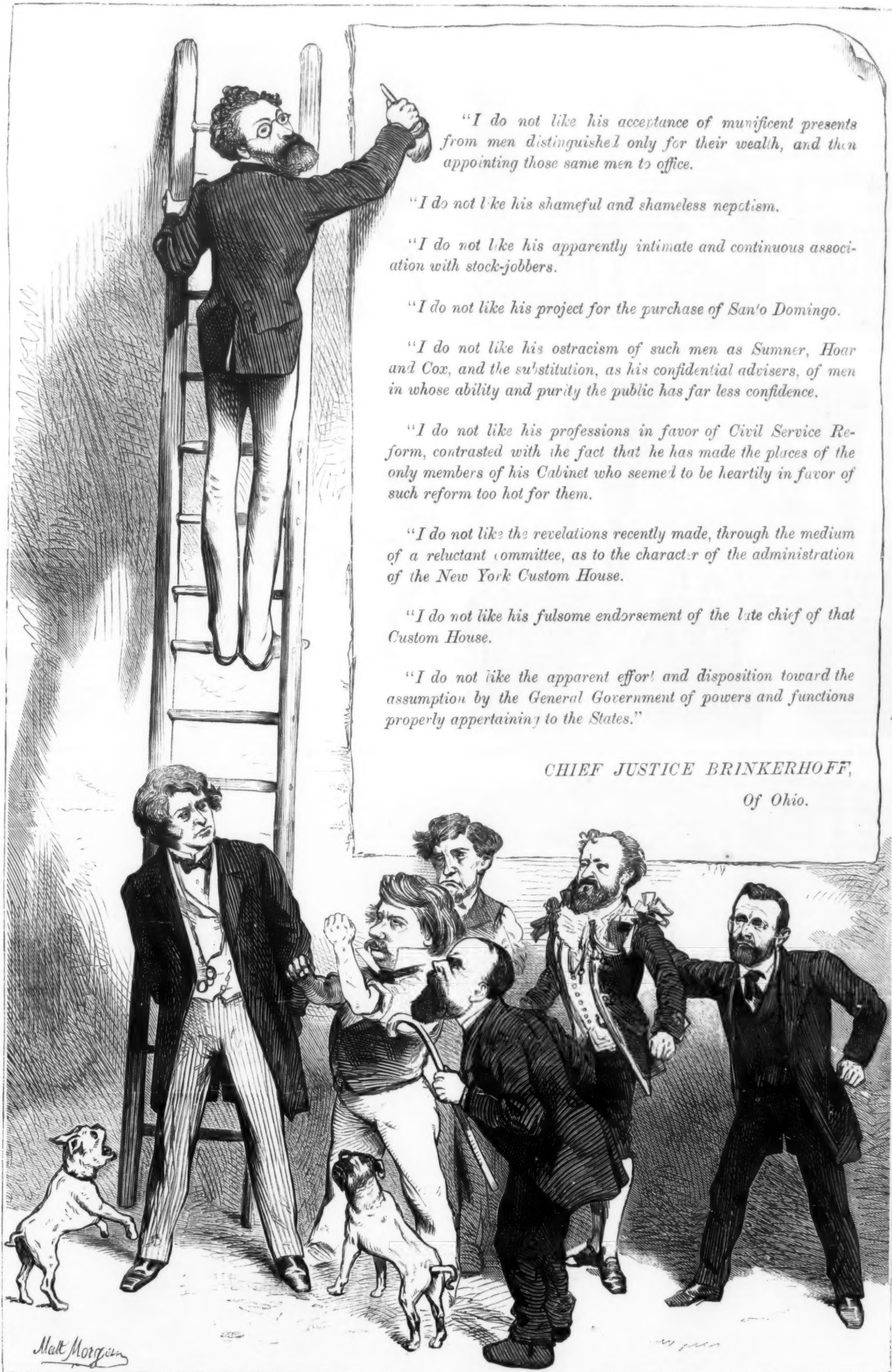
ITALY.—THE CARNIVAL AT TURIN—SCENE IN THE PLACE "VICTOR EMMANUEL."



ALGERIA.—ENTRY OF THE EXPLORING COLUMN OF LAMMERZ INTO GHARDAIA, JANUARY 24TH.



FRANCE.—THE CAB OF M. DUPUY DE LÔME'S NAVIGABLE BALLOON.



"I do not like his acceptance of munificent presents from men distinguished only for their wealth, and then appointing those same men to office.

"I do not like his shameful and shameless nepotism.

"I do not like his apparently intimate and continuous association with stock-jobbers.

"I do not like his project for the purchase of San'to Domingo.

"I do not like his ostracism of such men as Sumner, Hoar and Cox, and the substitution, as his confidential advisers, of men in whose ability and purity the public has far less confidence.

"I do not like his professions in favor of Civil Service Reform, contrasted with the fact that he has made the places of the only members of his Cabinet who seemed to be heartily in favor of such reform too hot for them.

"I do not like the revelations recently made, through the medium of a reluctant committee, as to the character of the administration of the New York Custom House.

"I do not like his fulsome endorsement of the late chief of that Custom House.

"I do not like the apparent effort and disposition toward the assumption by the General Government of powers and functions properly appertaining to the States."

CHIEF JUSTICE BRINKERHOFF,
Of Ohio.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

U. S. G.—"You stop them fellows posting me in that way, or I'll kick all your friends out of office."

NEAR THE CLOSE.

Clouds to the east and north loom hazily;
Quiet as death is the water-mill;
The very stream moves onward lazily,
And the old wheel is dark and still.

Even the breathful breeze is slumbering
Under the heather and sedge thereby;
You lighted trees are mutely numbering
The moments till the sun must die.

Heavy of heart, and halting wearily,
Grimly I look, and look thereon—
"Gone is the day that went so cheerily,
And the young sweet of morning, gone."

"Gone are winds that gamboled hardily;
There is a drought on the whitened plain;
And if the night come on so tardily,
When will the morning break again?"

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER III.

ALL that day and the next I remained in bed, not really ill, but too thoroughly exhausted to make any exertion; indeed, forbidden by the physician who had been called to visit me.

Mrs. Phelps was very kind, and Ruth Byerson scarcely left me, so that I was as comfortable as possible; and Teresa found leisure somewhat to recover her wits, which had never been of the least use since the shipwreck.

"My son reproaches himself very bitterly," Mrs. Phelps said, the first thing when he came in that morning. "We are both so sorry!"

"It was an owl!" I asked, quickly. "Really an owl?"

She gave me a searching look, and said: "Yes, of course. You shall see the ugly creatures when you come down-stairs. I hope the fright will not unsettle you."

"Oh, no, no!"

"I have not told Ruth Byerson," she continued, smiling a little; "she would scold us all dreadfully."

It hardly seemed in keeping with Mrs. Phelps's character to stand in awe of any dependent, but of course I made no remark. The matter ended there; but when I was down-stairs again, and asked to see the birds, I was told that Richard had wrung their necks.

During these days I spent in bed, I had an opportunity to look my life clearly in the face, and reflect upon the sad events of the past months, which had forced me so suddenly out of the light-hearted calm of my girlhood.

Sorrow for my guardian brought with it a sacred peace; I knew that he was at rest, and I would not have called him back to the troubles of this life—but in the later grief that consumed me there was no such soothing thought which could ease its bitter pain.

Mrs. Phelps and Ruth Byerson brought me frequent messages from Mr. Richard, as he was called in the house. He sent lovely little bouquets of hothouse flowers, and better yet, bunches of such late Autumn blossoms as were still to be found in the woods, Michaelmas daisies, wild asters, harebells, and all the lovely flowers which I had not seen for years, and which possessed a greater charm than even their beauty could give, from their associations with my childhood.

I said Mrs. Phelps spent a great deal of time with me, and was very kind, but when the days passed and I was able to leave my chamber, I did not feel one particle more acquainted with her than when I met her stately reception on entering the house.

She talked with me about myself, my life abroad, and without absolutely asking questions, led me on to speak a great deal of dear Allan Ramsay, and where he was concerned she seemed to listen with an interest less forced than she gave to most subjects.

Still, I could not feel that I had advanced one step toward really knowing her, and I began to wonder what secrets that haughty face had closed over.

I find it difficult to describe the peculiarity which so struck me in her manner; it was, that, in spite of all her courtesy, her attempt at interest, I would find, in the midst of a conversation which she had herself invited, that her eyes were wandering, her thoughts gone, and I knew that the words which fell from her lips were only mechanical, and that her mind was miles away from me and our subject.

I had not forgotten, I could not forget, the fearful sound which had roused me from slumber on the first night of my arrival, and in spite of every explanation, I could not help associating that cry with the mystery of which Mrs. Phelps had spoken, and which she took it for granted that I understood.

There was no person with whom I could talk concerning the matter except Ruth Byerson, and I determined to ask her outright as to the trouble which had darkened that house, as soon as I could feel certain that she was to be trusted.

She was growing an old woman, but brisk and energetic as a girl of twenty, and I could see that she loved me already for my mother's sake, whose favorite servant she had been from childhood.

So the days slipped quietly by in the seclusion of that luxurious chamber, but they were dreary and restless enough to me, with that weight preying at my heart. The inaction was agony to my mind, and I insisted upon leaving my bed at the earliest opportunity.

I had as yet hardly had time to take in the extent of suffering I had brought upon myself by my love for that man whom I had met, and from whom I had been parted so strangely. As yet, I could only feel terribly anxious and

restless, repeating to myself constantly his promise that we should meet again, and finding a sort of comfort in that hope; the dull sinking into hopelessness, the apathy of pain, which deprives the soul of all strength, had not yet come.

During my illness, I had ordered mourning for dear Guardian Allan, and when I went down-stairs for the first time, Teresa dressed me in those sorrowful habiliments. There was a species of consolation in paying that outward tribute to his memory.

I shall never forget how Richard Phelps appeared on that first evening I went down-stairs, after those days of seclusion. I think no human being could have realized the absolute fascination of his manner.

He devoted all his energies to pleasing me, and I was thoroughly charmed with him. I began to wonder at myself for having disliked his face, now that I saw it in all its charm; his voice was singularly musical, and his conversation as full of brilliancy and interest as the studied books of a man of genius.

He had traveled a great deal, every taste was thoroughly cultivated, and all tended to increase that strange power of fascination which was natural to him, though he appeared perfectly unconscious of its possession.

He made me talk as I seldom did, except to those whom I knew well, impulsively and freely, drawing out my real feelings and thoughts, and making me give rein to all the world of poetry and fancy which fill the mind of an imaginative girl.

Mrs. Phelps took but little part in our conversation, though once or twice when I happened to glance at her I saw her eyes fixed on my face with an expression which puzzled me.

It was one of those looks which brought me back to myself; we had been speaking of some book, and his remarks had drawn from me a passionate expression of feeling. It seemed to me that I read in Mrs. Phelps's face a sort of pity for my girlish enthusiasm. It chilled me at once, and I endeavored to change the conversation into more ordinary channels.

"Tell me something about your neighborhood, Mr. Phelps," I said. "Have you much society?"

"Are you fond of it?" he asked, quickly. "That depends; but at present I like quiet best," and I know my eyes wandered toward my mourning-dress.

"You will not be burdened with it here," he said. "There are a good many country-seats about us, but the owners never spend their Winters here; so till the Summer comes you will have to be content with a few calls from a half-dozen prim families, and such entertainment as my mother and I can afford you."

"That I shall like," I answered. "Do not forget you are to ride on horseback with me and show me those beautiful woods I can see from my window."

"My time is completely at your service," he said; "I have to confess to being a sad idler."

"That is a sorry confession," I answered.

"Ah, you speak from a woman's restless enthusiasm!"

"Which you consider a weakness?"

"Do not wrong me by thinking so."

He sighed heavily. I felt that I had unwittingly caused him annoyance, and said no more. I was wandering so completely in the dark, that I had to be very careful lest I might hit against something which should give them both pain, and that would have been a thankless return for all their courtesy.

The next day Ruth Byerson was in my room, for she had taken upon herself numberless services, from which my indolent, stupid Teresa was glad to be relieved, and she talked to me a long time about my mother, giving me minute details of her girlhood, which, of course, I never could have learned from Allan Ramsay.

"I was always sure Mr. Allan loved Miss Eleanor," pursued Ruth. "I know her marriage was a great blow to him, and I think it was what made him live an old bachelor."

It made me even more tender of the memory of my lost guardian to think that her supposition was true, and I could look back and recall a thousand trivial words and actions on his part which corroborated the old woman's ideas.

"But Mrs. Phelps," said Ruth—"she was Adelaide Graham then—loved Allan Ramsay. She used to be a good deal at the house, for she and Miss Eleanor were great friends, and I wasn't blind—yes, she loved him. But his heart was set elsewhere, so she married Mr. Phelps soon after Eleanor married. Then came a year of quiet. I was married, too, and living in my own house. Then you were born, and your poor mother died, and your father only lived six months after. I think Allan Ramsay was happier for having you to take care of—it was good for him."

"He was all the world to me, Aunt Ruth," I said; "you cannot know what I lost in losing him."

"Yes, I do, dear. He was a noble man; good and kind—always a pleasant word for everybody."

"And you think Mrs. Phelps cared for him?"

"Just sure of it! But she always was a proud one—haughty and secret; and she grows more so every year."

"This later trouble has had much to do with that," I said.

"No wonder," returned Ruth, with a shudder. "The only marvel to me is that we are any of us alive."

"You know all about it—you—"

"Why, child, as if the whole county didn't know! How could there be any secret about such a black horror! 'Tisn't their disgrace, but she feels it. Oh, I know the pride of the woman! She never loved her brother-in-law, she hated Roland, and I believe in my soul she was glad to have them both out of the way. But the disgrace to her family was mighty hard to bear."

"Tell me," I pleaded; "tell me all about it."

"Little I cared for the disgrace," continued

Ruth, not heeding my words; "it was the grief broke me down! Poor Master Harry—I always called him so to the last! And Roland—the baby I had nursed, the boy I had loved! No, no; I never did believe it, I never will! There is a black secret somewhere, and it'll never be made clear in this world. But I'll believe in my boy, I will. I will!"

Her voice had risen to a shrill cry, her face was working with agitation, and her breast heaved with those dry sobs which make the grief of elderly people so much more painful than the burning tears that are a relief to the afflictions of the young.

"What secret, Ruth?" I demanded. "Who was the boy you are talking of?—what is this mystery?"

She looked at me in utter astonishment.

"Why, child, you know enough of the story to understand! What's the good of the black details—it just tears my old heart to go over them even in my thoughts."

"But I know nothing—not a word—only that some great trouble has hung over this family for years—"

"Didn't your guardian ever tell you?" she interrupted.

"He never allowed any dark tidings to come near me; I can remember, about three years, ago his trouble at news from America—I knew it was associated with my other guardian. When he was dying he talked a great deal, but he was so weak then, I could not understand. I have thought since he did not want me to come here."

"No wonder!" returned Ruth; "no wonder!"

"Tell me what it is, Ruth. Mrs. Phelps spoke as if I knew the story. I ought to know, if I am to stay here."

"To think," said Ruth, "of your coming into this house and never hearing a word of it all!"

"What was it, Ruth—loss of money—a crime—what?"

"Crime, child! It was murder!"

I sank back in my chair completely overpowered with astonishment and horror; but before Ruth Byerson could add another word, there came a knock at the door. It was a message from Richard Phelps.

The carriage was ready, and he wished me to go out and drive, as I had promised that morning.

CHAPTER IV.

I CANNOT give you a better proof of the fascination that man possessed than by telling you, though I started on that drive overwhelmed by those last words Ruth Byerson had spoken, filled with horror and astonishment, I forgot everything in the strange spell of his conversation, and yielded myself wholly to the pleasure of the moment.

It was a lovely day; the sky wore that golden haze peculiar to our climate at that season of the year, and the gorgeousness of the foliage, already brightened under the first frosts, charmed my eye after my long absence in Europe, where the Autumn is such a faded, dreary mockery of the brightness which settles upon our climate.

I could not have found a companion more capable of entering into my enjoyment of the scene; he was exerting all his powers to please and interest me, and he succeeded.

When we returned home, Mrs. Phelps met us in the hall, and as I was still considered a sort of invalid, she insisted upon my going up to my room and lying down for a while. I did not hesitate long, for while we stood there, a couple of elderly men walked up the avenue, and Richard exclaimed against the infliction of a visit from the two most tiresome neighbors they had, and I escaped at once, feeling in no mood to see callers of any sort.

I found Teresa in my dressing-room, making a pretense of work—that is, she held some sewing in her hands, over which she was nodding in the most comfortable manner.

The moment I was free, I remembered all that Ruth Byerson had said; I determined to know the whole story at once, and I sent Teresa down-stairs to tell her I desired her to come up.

It was not long before the good creature made her appearance, in her neat afternoon array and her knitting in her hand.

"It's my idle time," said she; "I'm dreadful glad you sent for me."

"I want to hear that story!" I exclaimed, hurriedly; "sit down and tell me the whole."

The old woman's face grew troubled again.

"I'll tell you," she replied, after a little silence; "you must know it, and it's no secret—more's the pity."

I made her sit down in an easy-chair, and I crouched on a stool at her feet, nervous and eager.

"You don't know anything about it?" said Ruth. "Then I must go back to the beginning, years back."

"Yes, tell it all to me, Ruth; every word."

This was the old housekeeper's story; I shall give it connectedly, though it was often interrupted in the telling by my horrified questions and her own trouble—but this it was:

"About the time your mother was married, Adelaide Graham became the wife of Norman Phelps. They came here to live, for he was very rich then. I didn't know much about them till after your mother died; then I was left a widow, and childless, too; and Mrs. Phelps wrote to me, telling me she wanted me to come and be her housekeeper."

"Well, I came here; her boy Richard was three years old then. I told you she never had loved her husband, and she had led a gay, extravagant life during those years. Mr. Phelps was no business man; he met with great losses, and those and her reproaches broke his heart."

"He died about a year after I came, and there she was with her boy, and the fortune for which she had married, quite gone. I don't know what she would have done, but the Lord raised her up a friend. Mr. Phelps had a brother who was unmarried, and a very rich man. There

had been some trouble between them which separated them, but when he heard that Norman was ruined and dying, he came out here at once.

"He was a splendid man; they say he wasn't good, but he was always good to me. Well, he told his brother he would always take care of his wife and child; and he kept his word."

"When Mr. Phelps died, Mr. Harry settled down here, and made it his home. He had a sister who had married against the wishes of the family, and they cast her off; but about that time she died, too, a poor widow, and she sent for Mr. Harry on her deathbed."

"She had one child, about a year old then. Mr. Harry promised to take care of it, and when he came back, he brought the boy with him—that was Roland Weston."

"I do think, even while he was an innocent little baby, Mrs. Phelps hated the child; she was afraid he might stand in her son's light, and get a share of Mr. Harry's property. I don't think even his uncle loved the poor little fellow; he never could forget who his father was, and he had hated him dreadfully—and they could hate, that family."

"Well, the boy was given to me to take entire charge of. Mrs. Phelps never even made a pretense of being interested in him, and I made just any arrangements I chose. I got a nurse for him, and I had him always near me, and before long I loved him almost as well as I did the babies I had lost."

"There isn't anything to tell you about all those years. Mrs. Phelps never seemed to care much about society again—all her life was just bound up in her son. Mr. Harry called this place home; he kept it up in fine style, and he went back and forth just as he pleased, sometimes staying a whole Winter in the city, and, they said, leading a very gay life."

"We all knew he never would marry; he had been engaged when he was quite young to a beautiful girl; they quarreled, and she poisoned herself. I don't believe he ever got over that blow; if he was reckless and dissipated, it was remorse made him so."

"But we knew very little about that; he was all that was good and kind when he was here, and he treated Mrs. Phelps like a queen, letting her rule everything. From the first, he always said he should leave his fortune to Richard, and he seemed to idolize him almost as much as his mother did; and between them, my poor Roland would have been neglected enough if I had not been by to care for him."

"There was always the same difference made between the two boys. When they grew older, Richard was sent to expensive schools and brought up like the heir to a great fortune, and Roland had to study hard for all he learned. But he was very quick at his books, and though I don't know much about such things, I know he was often able to give Richard assistance in his studies, and that made Richard hate him all the more."

"How he did hate that boy! and he persecuted him all he dared, but I always stood between them, and he knew very well if I complained to his uncle he would get into trouble, for Mr. Harry wouldn't have allowed any unkindness."

"So Roland grew up here; he was a strange nature, and I never knew how clearly he saw he wasn't loved, or how much he felt it all, till he was sixteen years old. It came about from a quarrel he had with Richard, and he flamed up in a temper that was as mad as his cousin's. He was going to leave the house, but his uncle stopped that, Richard was scolded for the first time in his life, and Mr. Harry made Roland promise that he would not go away."

"It was only to me Roland talked, and I found how sore he felt at not being loved or considered, and I know it was only the solemn promise he had made his uncle which influenced him to stay. He inherited from his mother a little property that brought in a thousand a year, so he did not have such a feeling of dependence as to make his position unendurable; but he had a nature that wanted affection and tenderness, and he never got them except from his poor old Ruth."

"That's the way things went on. I want to show you the difference between the two boys, if I can in my poor language. They were both hot-headed and passionate, but Roland was generous as the day, and his nature was sweet and open; but the other was overbearing, and he never forgave—just like his mother."

"When Roland was twenty, he had chosen a profession, and was only here occasionally; but Richard was living like a prince, and I am sure he spent a great deal of money in the city, and there was trouble between him and his uncle a good many times."

"The last year came; Mrs. Phelps took a distant relative of her own to live with her, Mabel Dunning, a pretty girl but very flighty; I never took to her much, or could make much out of her myself."

"I did not see a great deal of what went on. I took no interest in their affairs except when Roland came home on his visits."

"During that year I know there was, a good many times, trouble between Mr. Harry and Richard about money matters, and the way Richard went on in New York. I could see those quarrels made Mrs. Phelps dreadfully uneasy, but what she said or did never came to my ears."

"It seemed to me that Mr. Harry took more to Roland, and I didn't wonder, nor would anybody who saw the difference between the two cousins. I know that Richard was dreadfully dissipated, I know that now—but that's nothing to do with my story."

"I began to think that perhaps as he grew old Mr. Harry might change yet, and divide his fortune fairly and honestly, and I could see that Mrs. Phelps was afraid of it too, and every time Roland came to stay at the house and was more affectionately treated by his uncle, she hated him worse and worse."

"All this while Richard was carrying on a

great flirtation with Mabel Dunning. I thought she loved him, but I can't pretend to tell anything about those last months. Even what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears seems no testimony, for after it was all over, then Richard had letters written from her to Roland—but we'll wait till I come to that.

"Roland came on another visit; his uncle was very glad to see him. I never saw him so affectionate and kind to the boy. Mrs. Phelps and Richard were away, and did not get back until he had been there three days, and during all that time Mr. Harry petted and made much of my darling in a way that did my heart good. But they came back, and before the week was out, there was a change indeed.

"I heard a dreadful disturbance one day in the library, and all their voices loud and angry against my boy. In I went, without leave or license, for I was determined to know what was wrong with him.

"There he stood, pale as a ghost, looking so proud, and never even speaking a word; and his uncle was saying such dreadful things to him; and the other two—God forgive me, but if I ever saw triumph in people's faces, it was in theirs then!

"My boy was accused of having stolen money from his uncle, and forged a check! I went quite insane when I heard it all; but he wouldn't deny it, wouldn't say a word. I first cried out:

"Oh, Roland, deny it—say you didn't do it!"

"He can't," says Mr. Harry; "he dare not!"

"Roland turned on him such a face of mad pride—the obstinacy of the blood was up, and they had said such dreadful things to him.

"I will say nothing more," said he; "do what you like—prosecute your sister's son—your unkindness helped to kill her; follow up your hatred and visit it upon her son!"

"Then Mr. Harry answered. There were more hard words, and Roland dashed out of the room. I ran after him into the hall, calling him, begging him to come back, but he paid no attention—he was gone, in his passion and his pride.

"There was only a month after that before the dreadful end came. I can't tell you much what went on, for I was nearly crazy about my boy. They may say what they like, but I do know there was trouble several times between Richard and his uncle, and during the last week, Mabel Dunning went about like a creature that was losing her wits, but it's all confused and queer to me.

"Now I'm coming to the end—that dreadful, dreadful night which never will seem real to me; after all the trouble and the time that has passed, that night seems just like a horrid nightmare when I look back at it.

"It was the 28th of July—I shall never forget the date, for it was my boy's birthday—his twenty-second birthday. I hadn't seen or heard from him during the month he had been gone, and when that day came, it seemed to me my old heart would break with anxiety and pain.

"Toward evening I gave up work, and just went to bed, worn out with my trouble and a dreadful nervous headache. I tossed about for several hours, and at last I got to sleep—you know how sound a person sleeps after such exhaustion, and I was dreadfully upset.

"I was awakened by knocks at my door and awful shrieks. At first I thought I was dreaming, and sat up in bed, all of a tremble. But, oh, it wasn't a dream—I heard the rapping again, and voices calling, 'Get up, get up! Mr. Roland has murdered the master!'

"I can't tell you how I got out of bed, but there I was in the hall, following the other servants as they ran toward one of the front rooms. I looked in; I saw Roland standing there, held fast by two of the men. Mrs. Phelps was sitting half-dressed in a chair, with her face covered with her hands.

"At that moment there was a noise in the hall. I looked back. Richard was coming in at the back door, and four men followed him, carrying a board on which was stretched the master, quite dead.

"I gave one scream, and for the first time in my life I fainted away. It was a great while before they brought me to; sometimes I've wished they'd let me die in that fit, and had it all over!

"When I came to myself the officers were in the house, and they carried Roland away, not giving me even time to speak to him."

(To be continued.)

HENRY CLAY.

BY

LYDIA DICKINSON COURTNEY.

WHEN I was a very little girl—indeed, dating even from my earliest remembrance—I was a politician; an uncompromising one—a violent partisan. I possessed no magnanimity, no generosity regarding those who were opposed to the party of which I considered myself a member in full standing.

That they were on the opposite side was sufficient cause for me to judge them as unworthy of any great attributes; in fact, that there was a fearful want of moral balance and correct principle in the misguided individuals who belonged to the benighted faction. Of course I entertained the most implicit confidence in the political views of my father. There was no appeal from them.

There was no other side to any questions upon which he was convinced. Any person who was not his colleague, who did not adhere religiously to the principles he espoused, fell under my ban.

Often he expostulated with me, and with mild rebuke endeavored to impart a more gentle creed to his unconservative child, and although I may have been less demonstrative orally, am very much afraid that my mental proclivities remained unchanged.

In those days there were but two parties, and people arrayed themselves on one side or the other.

There were no halting-places, no convenient fences from which to reconnoitre and calculate which particular wing or branch circumstances might render good policy to adopt. A more absorbing, more concentrated state of party feeling existed then.

A thousand influences that now affect and agitate political affairs in every circle were slumbering—to be awakened in after years by the shameful corruptions which personal greed, giving and taking of bribes, dishonest strife for place and power, for control of patronage, sordid prostitution of officials and inordinate love of office, have inaugurated in these later years.

It was then a high honor to nominate and elect a candidate to some position of responsibility and trust.

How the times have degenerated in this respect!

Then, when men "followed their leaders," intelligence and patriotism were in a great degree the motives which influenced their choice.

Can we say so at the present day?

Henry Clay occupied a large share of the public attention during my early childhood.

Every man, woman or child was for or against him.

I enrolled myself in the latter class. My greatest delight was to sing on all occasions possible such matches of the campaign songs, as I could remember, from constantly hearing them about me, ridiculing and setting forth in the most uncharitable manner all the points of attack which could be suggested against an unfortunate candidate, either real or fabricated. That I should, could or would ever become truly attached to Henry Clay was an idea I never dreamed of, and had any one hinted at such a thing as being among the possibilities, in the changes and chances of this life, I would have rejected the thought as far beyond all human mutations. Nevertheless, it was to be.

One evening, as my little sister and myself were amusing ourselves with some play, our father entered the room with a stranger.

"Children," said he, "come and see Mr. Clay."

I should have mentioned that I had often resolved, in case of ever meeting with this great paragon of perfection (to thousands of people), I would be quite cool, and let him become aware that at least one being there was who would not immediately yield to the charming manners and peculiar fascination he was celebrated as exercising over all who made his acquaintance.

But in one moment my prejudices were all gone!

Vanished like a snowflake falling on a drop of dew! The magnetic influence was established at once.

I was conquered completely.

How suddenly my heart had changed toward the man upon whose devoted head I had hurled all my tiny arrows of scorn and opprobrium!

How beautiful he spoke to us!

How winning his smile, as he smoothed our heads, saying:

"I am sure the children and myself will be close friends."

His conversation, in words and style, was perfectly calculated to please and interest our young minds.

I felt like a guilty wretch; all the candor and frankness of my nature rebelled against sailing under false colors.

I resolved to confess my sins, and to start absolved on my newly-formed friendship. I would render myself more worthy of so kind a greeting—more deserving of confidence.

"Mr. Clay," said I, boldly, "I have been a very naughty girl. I have sung wicked songs about you; but I will never, never do so again, if you will forgive me."

"Indeed!" he answered. "I can hardly believe that."

"Yes, sir," I continued, concluding to make a clean breast of it, "and I taught them to my little sister."

She hung her head, but his pleasant smile soon restored her composure.

"Let me hear something you sang about me, will you not?" he asked.

With flaming cheeks I repeated this verse:

"Oh! old Cooney Clay,
Oh! old Cooney Clay,
You never can be President,
For so the people say.
Go home's the song, where you belong,
And there for ever stay."

He laughed heartily, and seemed to enjoy the seriousness with which we regarded our offenses.

He immediately granted absolution, and sealed the pardon with a kiss.

From this day our companionship increased. Mr. Clay resided at the same hotel with our family (in Washington).

He joined our group at the table.

I sat next him, and was the especial object of his care. His own servant attended him at meals, and was instructed to wait upon me most carefully.

He was a very black, tall man, reserved and dignified. His eye was constantly upon his master, whose slightest wish he seemed to anticipate. At dinner, Mr. Clay drank sparingly of sherry, which he had brought with him to the hotel. Every day he poured himself the harmless quantity into my small glass which I must sip, while he partook of his own not very generous allowance.

His rooms were on the same floor with our own, and we children had the entrée at all times we chose.

He never locked his doors, and frequently came in his parlor to find us in full possession. Whether he came alone or brought gentlemen

with him, he would not allow us to be disturbed. If we rose to leave, he would request us to proceed with our games, or whatever our occupation might be.

Often, when we were enjoying a quiet chat with him, and visitors came in—the prominent, the influential and most distinguished representative men of the time—he would insist on our remaining. Whether business or courtesy prompted the calls, it made no difference—we were invited to stay.

When grave consultations and weighty topics of state were there discussed, how often I have sat on the rug in front of the clear open fire (which his servant was very careful to see was kept in good order), and formed pictures, strange, grotesque and ever-changing, in the glowing coals!

How vividly I remember the cheerful little parlor, and the genial hospitality dispensed so gracefully there!

Many times when he came in, fatigued from his duties in the Senate, he would be delighted to have us brush his hair, which seemed to give him true comfort and rest. Once he allowed me to cut a little from his thin locks, already suffering from many such depredations.

His sociability and good-nature were unbounded.

I never but once saw him change his manner or mood; and that was when, with deep dejection, he told my mother of the bereavements he had sustained in the loss of "six lovely and beloved daughters."

The last time I met Mr. Clay was in New Orleans, whither I had accompanied my mother on a visit.

Mr. Clay came from Washington to spend some weeks with his friend, Dr. Mercer. He was then to proceed up the Mississippi to his "old Kentucky home." He apprised us of his arrival by sending his servant to ask if I would not come and see him, as his health would not enable him to call on us.

I at once obeyed the summons, and found him in a very feeble condition. Many visitors were strictly forbidden, but he gave directions that I was always to be admitted. Every morning for several days I went to see him. His smile of welcome as he looked around from the easy reclining-chair, where he passed most of the time, to ascertain who was coming in the room, is as fresh in my mind as though it had but yesterday beamed on me with its ineffable sweetness! As though but yesterday I had received an affectionate glance of recognition from the kindly eyes, which lit up his patient face with a lovely expression in response to my "good-morning."

Finally, the day came when I must say "good-by," and it proved a final one.

When I presented myself at the door, his body-servant, who had so long known me, met me, and said:

"Missie, master is very weak to-day. Orders are that he must be denied to all company; but he wishes to see you."

The recollection of that last visit is one that I ever regard with mingled pleasure and pain. He was reclining on the invalid-chair, and looked very pale and ill. By his side sat his youngest son. When I told him I had come *pour prendre congé*, he manifested much regret, saying he feared he would never see me again.

In the darkened chamber, with a voice tremulous with weakness and emotion, he conversed with me, and gave me the most beautiful and excellent advice that ever fell upon the ears of youth. He spoke of the untried future—that dim, uncertain future to which we all trust so much—which lay before my young life, were it spared to encounter contact with the world and the exchange from merry girlhood to the more sober and solid realities, cares and duties which I must assume.

How eloquently he alluded to the virtues of sincerity and truth! In what beautiful colors he painted these ornaments of character—the purest, the brightest that illumine heart and soul!

No parent impressed with the most earnest wishes and heartfelt prayers for the well-being of a dear child could have rendered into more touching and lovely language those admonitions, those hopes that freighted that solemn farewell. They have never lost a place in my memory.

As I look back, I can hardly realize the tide of years which have flowed along, bearing with them hope, joy, love and sorrow, since that memorable day. As many more, and again many added, may pass; events and scenes may follow in quick and varied succession; oblivion may overpower, and new occupations engross my mind, but the remembrance of that hour will remain unimpaired—that hour in which I took my last farewell of the great and good Henry Clay.

The magic of his presence, the power and enchantment of his smile, have not been overestimated in their influence. He was almost incomparable.

How many who were his friends and compatriots here have followed him to the spirit-land! Truly, a "goodly company" is there; and in that far-off Eden let us believe he still makes happy those who cluster around him.

The present season, from January 1st to March 1st, has been the driest one in many years. But little more than one-third of the usual amount of rain has fallen during these two months. The ground has been frozen, and all the rain that has fallen has passed off directly into the streams. None of it has soaked into the ground to supply the springs, which are now very low. We are informed that the entire flow of the Croton River is now being brought into the city, and if the dry weather continues much longer, resort will have to be had to the storage lakes in Putnam County for a supply of water for New York.

NEWS BREVITIES.

New York is quite mal-Erie-us.

Editors are getting effervescent.

Iowa has only about 50 Indians left.

Fresh toads bring \$5 a dozen in London.

New Hampshire went Republican on the 12th.

Peruvian railways have "ladies' smoking-cars."

Central Park had 47 days of skating last winter.

Portugal wishes to abolish hereditary peerage.

One miner in every three die annually in England.

Baltimore's new City Hall will cost about \$2,500,000.

Farmerville, Va., is to have a baby show next June.

The bullion yield of Nevada for 1871 was \$23,000,000.

Choirs and Sunday-schools are rehearsing Easter anthems.

A herd of Cashmere goats has been imported into Utah.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Masonic temple is nearly completed.

Five magnificent hotels are in process of erection in Chicago.

A new cable is to be stretched between England and Spain.

The English contributions in aid of Chicago amount to \$800,000.

It seems that Sickles have been used earlier this year than common.

Having disposed of faithless aldermen, Chicago is trying her police.

Indiana constables enforce the game laws by arresting card-players.

The marriage of the Marquis of Bute is fixed for the 16th of April.

Iowa encourages by law the planting of fruit and ornamental trees.

The best champagne in the market is said to be made out of tomatoes.

Russia proposes to conciliate the Poles, and give them Alexis for Viceroy.

Maine is to hold barkeepers responsible for the frolics of their customers.

The West India cable has reached the French island of Guadeloupe.

James Fisk, Jr., has already outvalued the cat, in the number of his lives.

Last month, Westfield, Mass., manufactured 3,969 dozen of whalebone whips.

In Omaha city, prisoners work on the streets under the supervision of the police.

There are nine cities in Germany and two in Italy each with a Lincoln Street.

The present will be the longest session of the New York Legislature ever held.

Nearly \$23,000 has been subscribed at Nashville for the industrial exposition.

The Conscience Fund in the Treasury at Washington now amounts to \$130,000.

The Liberal Republican National Convention assembled at Cincinnati, May 1st.

The oyster interests at Key West, Fla., are assuming quite important proportions.

A physician in Sedalia, Miss., recently found this order on his slate: "Doctor, come to Jesus."

The California Republican State Convention is to meet in Sacramento, Thursday, April 25th.

At Fairfield, Conn., carriages are made entirely of India-rubber, excepting the axles and tires.

The Academy of Fine Arts in France is discussing the propriety of admitting women to its body.

Vocalists and societies, all over New England, are very busy rehearsing music for the great jubilee.

The Wisconsin river lumbermen are rejoicing over three consecutive months of good logging weather.

The Lansdown plot at Philadelphia has been informally selected as the spot for the Centenary buildings.

Collections are being made among the students of the Vienna University in aid of the Arctic expedition.

About \$250,000 worth of cigar-stumps are annually picked up in the gutters of Paris and re-manufactured.

The Emperor William has granted pardons to French prisoners still held by the Germans for civil and military offenses.

The famous Vatican at Rome consists of 59 separate buildings, with 14 courtyards, and 12,000 rooms, occupied by 3,000 persons.

Maxim: "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Proof: Tweed and Sweeney dying to Gould to administer to his dip-th-Erie.

American fishermen are warned from Washington not to encroach on Canadian fishing-grounds, as the provisions of the treaty are not yet in force.

The Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals design to establish an "Animal Home" for disabled and strayed or neglected animals.

A movement is on foot for all workmen in France to labor one hour per day extra, and devote the proceeds to liberating the territory from the Germans.

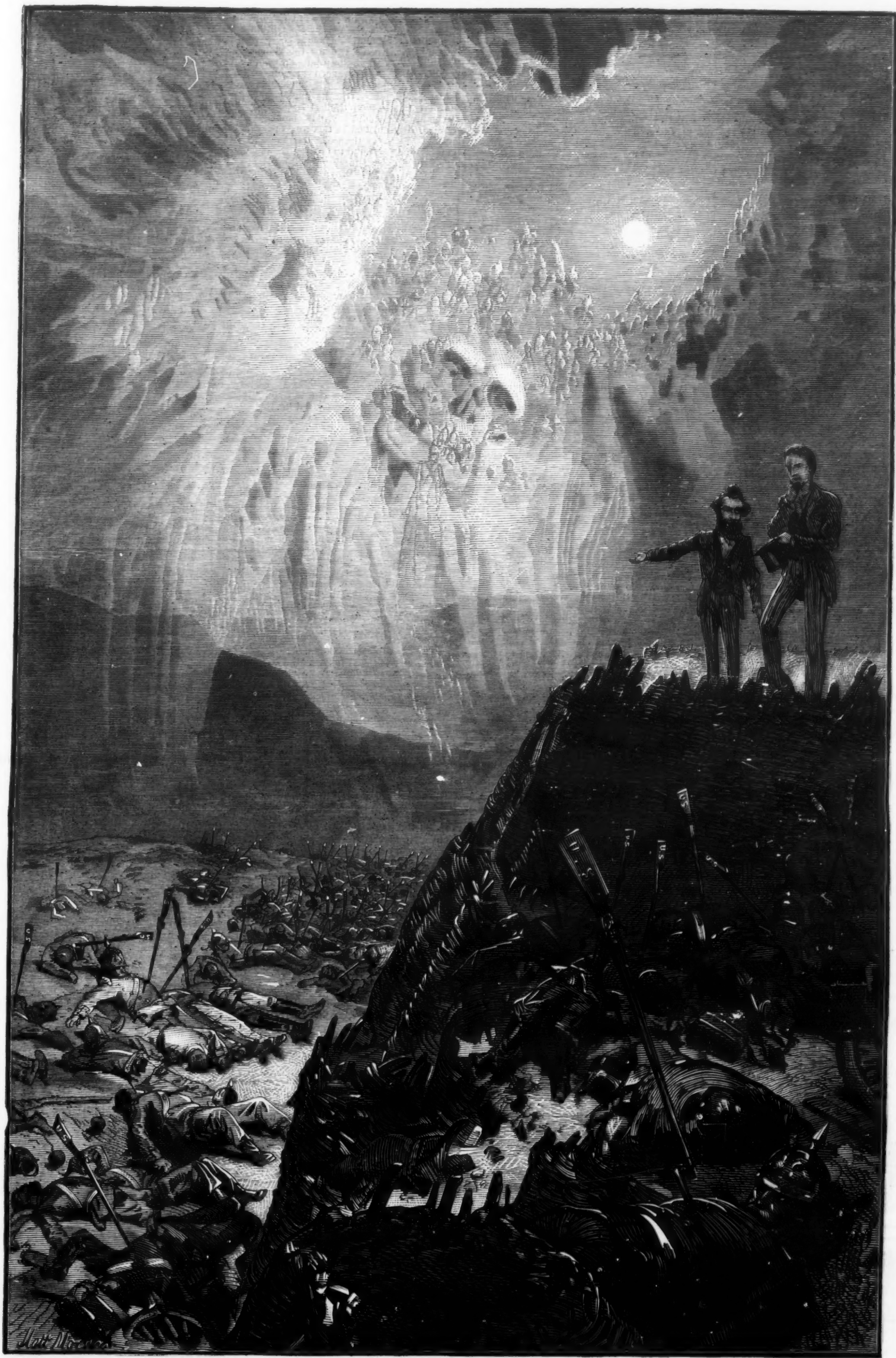
A Havana letter states that at the banquet given by the Captain-General to Alexis, the only toast was that by the Grand Duke, who, rising and bowing to Admiral Lee, gave, "The United States for ever."

The news of the appointment of General Maxwell to be United States prosecuting attorney in Utah Territory creates general satisfaction among the Gentiles, but has a depressing effect on the Mormons.

Sir William Jenner, M.D., has been generously rewarded for his attendance on the Prince of Wales by investiture with the Order of the Bath. It is not, however, to be inferred that he has taken to hydropathy.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ERIE WAR.—JAY GOULD'S BODY-GUARD ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT IN THE OFFICES OF THE COMPANY IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.—SEE PAGE 43.



WHAT BECAME OF THOSE GUNS?

C—L S—Z TO UNCLE SAM—“*Look on this scene. Would it not be criminal on your part to re-engage this man Grant to manage your affairs for another term?*”

“The Arms were delivered to the French Agents after it was discovered that they were purchasing them for France.”—See testimony of Secretary Belknap before the Investigating Committee.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, darling?
The mist from the meadow crept
Over the level landscape,
Moonlight and silence slept.

Do you remember, darling?
We stood in the open door,
And our shadows fell together,
Blent on the moonlit floor.

Do you remember, darling?
You gave me a soft brown braid,
And a rose-bud out of your bosom
To bear on my heart, you said.

Do you remember, darling?
I'm wearing your keepsakes yet,
But you seem to have quite forgotten;
Why cannot I, too, forget?

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

FOR the first six months of my married life my days were a perpetual honeymoon. Major Rivers was all tenderness, all passion. He showered gifts upon me; treated me like an empress, acted toward me like a slave. He seemed to find an inexhaustible pleasure in my society; provoked me by his loving badinage into my most characteristic moods, to win from me remarks of which he declared the quaintness to be soothing to him as the notes of a dulcimer. I gloried in his praise, and the reciprocal passion urged me into never-varying efforts to sustain his love at the mark where I had found it. As a horse-woman I succeeded after some trials in acquiring myself capably, and became his constant companion in long excursions into the adjoining country. Our proximity to London was convenient for the entertainments of the capital, and we frequently visited the operas and the theatres.

But it was as his fireside companion that he seemed to find most pleasure in my company. I read to him, played to him, opened my heart to him in conversation with a childish earnestness of meaning which delighted him. I found him well read in books; a fair linguist; and furtively studied that I might be able to help on the long talks he loved to indulge in on those curiosities of literature which the pencil-marked pages in his library showed he had studied. I was a splendid listener; and this useful accomplishment was made profitable by my having a mind sufficiently well stored to comprehend very well all that he could talk about.

Those natural fears which I had felt at first in consequence of the insecurity of my position as a wife were dispelled. As my intimacy with his character increased, I lost the suspicions which the least fancied coolness toward me inspired. In my young days I had sometimes regretted my want of beauty, imagining that my plainness would banish me beyond the circle of love; and envied Kate for her eyes, her beautiful hair, her lovely mouth and her dainty complexion. I had contrasted my own appearance with the exquisite beauties of the ladies in the novels over which I pored; and although here and there I had come across a plain heroine who had been rewarded after three volumes of misery by a happy marriage, I felt that the exceptional instances of fiction were in no wise applicable to life, and that I might prepare myself for a career of dull unchequered maidenhood. Now, however, that I was the wife of the man I loved, I over and over again congratulated myself on my want of beauty; for I knew that a much more durable quality than good looks had brought me a husband, and that it was the mind and not the face upon which the maintenance of his love depended.

Major Rivers had a fine voice—a rich baritone—but he could not play. Many an evening, when the twilight filled the room with a cool mysterious light, he would make me seat myself at the piano, and with his left hand reposing on the back of my neck, accompany with his voice the melodies which I would play, knowing how he loved them. In the faint light, as he sang with his gleaming eyes fixed upon the deep sky melting into stars, his face took a severity of beauty. He abandoned himself to the music and the poetry of the song he sang, and I seemed to feel his hand tremble in sympathetic unison with the impassioned accents of his rich deep chant. At such moments I appeared to lose my personality; my soul abandoned me, to mingle and sing with his. I realized the intense mysticism of the German fancy, that between two souls the union is sometimes so complete that the identity of the weaker soul is lost in its absorption by the stronger.

There was one trouble that haunted and depressed me, however, in this period of my life, which you may easily guess. It was the social position I occupied at Newtown. I was certain that Major Rivers knew several families at Newtown, though he rarely mentioned their names. But, with the exception of one presently to be mentioned, nobody ever called at Chester House. At times, when I had been out riding with the major, I would observe him sometimes lift his hat to a passing carriage, but to my question, "Who was that?" the inevitable answer was, "Oh, the wife of a city man, not worth twopence to know," or, "A family I have met, heaven knows where." Now, altogether unsophisticated as I was—as my bucolic life at Lorton had left me—I had never seriously thought upon, for I had never positively guessed, the sort of treatment I must be prepared to meet from society after my marriage

with Major Rivers. I knew that by marrying my sister's husband, I was violating the law; but I did not know that I should be offending society. I had to learn that.

The discovery wounded me to the quick. It did not make me regret my marriage, but it made me despise my judgment for not having foreseen the situation.

But if my humiliated pride filled me with bitterness, I was also terrified and dejected by the fear that this banning of myself by society might come to influence my husband's sentiments toward me. I had enough sagacity to guess how vastly married life was controlled by society; how generally the violation of decorum by a woman was recriminated upon her by the man for whom she had sacrificed her name and purity. An early passion may willfully ignore restraint; but a matured love will in the end take its tone from decorum.

Studiously as I labored to conceal my discovery from the major, his keen eye detected my depression, and his sagacity divined the cause. After I had been playing to him one evening, I left the piano and walked toward the window, full of meditation. He came and stood beside me.

"What is there in this prospect," he said, pointing toward the garden, "which makes my little one so sad?"

"I am not sad."

"Yes, you are. A troublesome thought has crept into your mind. Tell me this mental disease, that I may minister to it."

"It is nothing, indeed," I said, eager to avert a painful discussion.

"Nonsense. There is always a cause for a dimmed eye and a pale cheek. But she's going to be stubborn, like she was when I wanted her to marry me."

He bent his head in the attitude of listening. But I did not speak.

"Maggie, you are a little fool to allow the opinions of others to distress you. If you are satisfied with yourself, it is enough."

"I see you have guessed the secret of my depression. I might indignantly repudiate your suspicion. But I will be wise, and confess that you are right."

"That's brave. I love your candor. You don't like being avoided by society. You think it desperately hard, as a wife, a lady, and a clever girl, you should be shunned by a set of people who have not virtue enough to comprehend your propriety."

"Do not think to gratify me by abusing them," I exclaimed. "I do not wish you to think that I lay so much stress upon these neighbors' conduct as to make them worthy of my sneers or my anger."

"Come. You are dissatisfied with them; and your dissatisfaction would vent itself in no end of satire if it were not suppressed by the might of your pride. But your feelings toward them are wholly and laudably right. You have a heart with talent and virtue enough in it not only to stock the whole tribe with wit and propriety to last them to their deathbeds, but to carry over for the next generation. Of course, you are impatient of their scorn—this scorn of fools—and so am I; only my contempt is so true, so sterling, so altogether natural to me, that my impatience dies in its presence like a gnat in the heat of a flame."

"You insist upon making me out impatient. I am not impatient. I confess to be troubled—and by them, if you like; but in such a remote sense as to give them but a very, very little share in the creation of my depression."

"I know what's coming—and will anticipate it. You think their conduct will influence mine?"

I looked him full in the eyes; could read there only truth and love; and laying my head against his breast, murmured, "I have thought so sometimes—but I cannot think it when I meet your eyes. You do love me—nothing can alter your love—"

"How good-natured I am," he said, caressing my hair with his hand, "to endure the insults of my little woman's suspicions without a single harsh word. Do you think that my sentiments repose on no surer foundation than the opinions of society? Why, at that rate, you place the most poetic piece of idealism my heart could shadow forth at the mercy of an old woman's sneer. No, no, little one. Love like mine is not to be put to flight by Society."

By this sort of conversation he endeavored to reassure me, and succeeded. At the same time I was struck by the lawless sentiments he entertained. I had believed at first that his hard democratic opinions, and his republican, almost fanatical, hostility to the law, were assumed for the purpose of winning me. To a girl whom he wanted, but whom he could not legally marry, it was of course necessary that he should make use of every argument to disprove the reasonableness of the law that obstructed our desires. But though I clearly understood his motives, I was glad of his excuses. I needed, to satisfy myself, a better reason for my conduct than my love. I do not deny that I found enough common-sense in his arguments to induce me to suffer my love to take its course without any restraint on my conscience.

But after several conversations with him on topics which forced him to proclaim his sentiments, I soon discovered, by the consistent manner in which he argued upon and maintained his opinions, that he really entertained them. Do not mistake his lawlessness. It was not of the type made familiar to us by the incoherent sentimentalism of the Laras and Corsairs of poetry. It was of a deeper order. Yet it was not misanthropy. He had not enough Christianity in him to make him hate. I gathered from his language that the prevailing sense in his heart was that of the surpassing littleness of men. When with him in the streets of London, for example, the pavements crowded, the roadway full of equipages, this sentiment has taken the expression of the bitterest irony. A crowd of persons always assumed the form of a satire in his eyes. He

degraded mankind, their laws, their aspirations, and their works, to a condition of contemptible littleness far below the dream of Swift in his conception of Lilliput. In truth, he surveyed life with too keen an eye for the ridiculous. Man, in his estimation, was a puppet, who, with ignoble pride, had advanced himself as the standard of all things. He examined the standard, and found that its applications reduced creation to the pitifullest farce.

"Genius," he would say, "is the only thing that can be respected in this world; for it is the only illustration the world offers of the desire of the human mind to enlarge the boundaries of thought and to give scope for the play of something bigger than the mortality to which the spectacle of the streets, the church, the mart and the senate has accustomed us. There must be an incessant roar of true Homeric laughter in heaven," he would exclaim, "at our theories and our practices on earth. The irony of nature in her displays suggests this eternal merriment. What is there above, or below, or beneath us, that man admires more than himself? I can give a painter a check to produce me a sunset of red paint, canvas and gaslight that will excite a roar of rapturous admiration from a crowd. I shall set this same crowd to watch a real sunset, and instead of looking and admiring, they shall stare at each other. If I were among the gods my laughter would be the loudest; but being one of a race of animals who look upon Magna Charta as a grand achievement, I am satisfied to remain silent."

Of his religious "convictions," I ascertained nothing. He often accompanied me to church—listened to the sermons of the clergyman, a simple-minded preacher, with a truly affectionate love of platitudes, with close attention; and then, as we returned home, would comment upon these discourses with the intense irony of simulated interest in their teaching.

Shall I confess that his sentiments partially influenced me?—that I found in me, as time went on, a perceptible decay of that reverence which in the young heart is the foundation of virtue? I hope, I trust, I believe that to my religious self I remained true. I speak of my feelings toward my fellow-tollers, my fellow-mourners, in this sad, this seldom-smiling world. My love softened my mind to the admission of his influence in his views of men; my pride as a woman, humiliated by the slights and scorn of the people by whom I was surrounded, communicated the needed impulse to receive and digest the imparted bitterness of his teachings.

One day he returned home with a friend of his, a young baronet, named Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn. The fact of no one ever visiting me made me very cold, almost haughty, in my manners toward all with whom I was brought in contact. My feelings were surely intelligible enough. Living in the constant sense of this humiliation of neglect, and my mind being largely predisposed to contempt by the sentiments of the major, I considered everybody to be my natural despiser, and I resolved to repay scorn with scorn.

I bowed with cold indifference to Major Rivers's introduction of Sir Geoffrey, and sank back on the sofa within the shadow of the curtain, the better to observe, without being observed, the appearance of the man of whom I had heard the major occasionally speak.

Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn seemed about thirty-five years old. He was tall and slim, with a large nose and a heavy yellow mustache. The expression of his face did not please me. As his eyes met mine, I seemed to find something ominous in their pale, lusterless glance—eyes which dissipation might have robbed of their natural light. His thick, protruding under lip was a deformity not to be wholly concealed by the mustache, carefully combed over his mouth. In his manners, however, he was very gentlemanly. He had a pleasing voice, and spoke with a peculiarly refined accent.

"I have been reproaching my old friend, the major," he said to me, with an easy, high-bred air, too honest, I thought, to be libeled as it was by his face, "for having deferred for so long a time the great happiness I feel in becoming known to you."

He then entered into a light conversation with me. My quickness detected an effort on his part to make himself very agreeable. He complimented me in a delicate way by making the major the groundwork of his inoffensive flattery. I noticed that the major regarded him with an air of surprise, and once interrupted him by saying:

"Come, my dear Hamlyn, all this is hardly fair. You should temper truth with justice. Remember that my praises of my wife to you may not have been intended to reach her. I have studied psychology, and know that you may sometimes give the female mind more flattery to feed on than is good for it. You see I do not give Maggie more praise than I think is beneficial for her. If I have spoken to you about her out of the fullness of my heart, pray respect my confidence by your secrecy."

I looked at him with happy eyes and a slightly flushed face. My heart swelled with love and pride to think that he spoke of me in such terms as Sir Geoffrey had partially alluded to to his friends. The gratified feeling even modified, but did not remove, my first movement of dislike to the baronet.

Soon after this, Sir Geoffrey rose to take his departure. Before bidding me good-by he turned to Major Rivers.

"Will you convey my invitation to Mrs. Rivers, or shall I?" he said.

"Oh!" said the major, "Sir Geoffrey has been polite enough to ask us to dinner on Thursday next, Maggie—"

"You will, I am sure, pardon the informality of the invitation, Mrs. Rivers," interrupted the baronet. "The truth is, I look upon Newtown as the country, and avail myself of the privileges of provincialism to dispense, not, I trust, with the politeness, but with the dreary formalities, of society. I need hardly assure you now

delighted I shall be if Major Rivers and yourself will honor me with your presence."

I glanced at the major, who seemed to respond with a faint nod. Addressing Sir Geoffrey, I told him that we should be happy to accept his invitation.

"Well," said the major, after the baronet was gone, "what do you think of Hamlyn?"

"He is gentlemanly," I responded, "and knows how to flatter."

"Ho! Maggie is too sharp to accept his flattery as an illustration of his breeding?"

"Of course she is. But she can like him none the less for being accomplished in an art that serves at least to supply her with cherished proofs of her husband's love."

"Ay; but the dog had no right to betray me."

"He is a bachelor, is he not?"

"Yes. But all the marriageable and a good many of the unmarried women of the place are after him. There's one old lady, I'm told, with one grown-up woman for a daughter, who pursues this man as relentlessly as the hideous shadow pursued the wretch."

"Who on a lonesome road
Did walk in fear and dread,"

In the 'Ancient Mariner.' He is in hourly anguish lest this horrid beldame should fix him with her glittering eye. She has only one—but what a one is that! It beams on every bachelor!"

"Where's the fascination?—the title, I suppose?"

"And the money. He's well off—worth, I should say, three thousand a year."

"Has he no intention of getting married?"

"None. I should know if he had. He would have begged me to shiver him, had he even harbored such a notion. If he's married, it will be in spite of himself. He'll have to be carried to the altar by force."

"How long have you known him?" I asked.

"Why, pretty well ten years. I met him at Chatham first. He was a great friend of one Dick Trevor, a captain in my regiment, and constantly dined at our mess. He used to drink heavily in those days—was a mad fool, whose title made him a few stanch acquaintances, who plundered him almost into the presence of the money-lender. The fellow, in a drunken fit, at a drinking party in his own lodgings, insulted me. I forget what remark he made; but I thought it offensive enough to deserve repayment by a tumbler of hot brandy and water, which I threw over his face. A grand scene ensued, and a duel across the table was strongly and warmly recommended by every son of Mars or Mammon in the room, except the two subjects of this kindly soliloquy. Hamlyn was too intoxicated to understand even the nature of the recommendation so cordially offered; and seeing his state, I left the room, prepared for something deadly next morning. All that the morning brought, however, was a letter from Hamlyn, expressing great sorrow for the conduct of the preceding evening, begging my pardon, and asking me to go and see him, that we might shake hands and become friends."

"And you went?" I said.

"Certainly. I had great expectations at the time—had heard that a rich uncle of mine was dying, and knew that I was down for his property. I hardly courted extinction at such a pleasant crisis of my life. Besides, had I been shot—what would Maggie have done?"

I laughed. "And I suppose," I said, "that you have been good friends ever since?"

"As friendship goes—yes. I had no idea he was living here when I took this house, though I had often come across him in town. I think he likes me. For myself, I am not so much enamored. But he is a good enough fellow in his way, means well, is very hospitable, and is thought a good deal of here. Has what I have said prejudiced you?"

"Not in the least. Your story is true, I suppose, of hundreds of young men."

"He is quite reformed, he tells me—lives here with all the temperateness of highly cultivated celibacy. I am sure that Maggie doesn't like him."

I looked up at him with a smile, but made no answer.

"You don't like his under lip; his heavy, stolid, sensual mouth; his treacherous eyes, from whose pallid centres hard living has expelled every trace of humanity; his big nose, which looks criminal; his expression of face like a villain's à la G. P. R. James—eh?"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, surprised and a little vexed to find my opinion anticipated and ridiculed. "The face is not the heart. Perhaps the eyes may have something to do with the soul; but if his eyes are blank, it only proves that he has no soul."

"Good. Let us argue him into a negation. We shall make him then safe and reliable," and, patting me on the cheek, he strolled out of the room.

(To be continued.)

"THAT PIGSKIN SADDLE"

ONE of those acquaintances that one picks up in the course of a wandering life, without considering their antecedents, character and odor, possessed a pigskin saddle, which same saddle moved me to the violation of one of the commandments of the Decalogue. He was loth to part with it for some time, being a horse-breaker by profession, and having a liking for that convenience *de peau de porc* in particular, but the timely production of ten yellow coins brought him figuratively to my feet. He handed over the saddle, and pocketed the gold.

"Reckon you can't guess how much that saddle cost me?"

"A promissory note three months after death," I ventured.

"Well, you are not far off, because it cost me just *nix*," replied Whittington. "Bottle of champagne, Bob," said he to that world-famed barman, as we entered the barroom of the

Moon Hotel, in the city of Pietermaritzburg, in the colony of Natal, on the east coast of Africa. "If you'll squat till that bottle's empty, guess I'll tip you the yarn."

"Earl Strathalan, of the Home Department, was troubled with impecuniosities and multifarious pledges of an affection which he, whilom, bore to his wife's fortune. These multifarious pledges, be it understood, were only diverse in the expression of inherited moral and mental imbecility. His youngest son, Bill Drummond (Drummond was the family name), expressed his fatuity in such an unconventional and shocking way, that the earl felt constrained out of his great poverty to send him off to Cape with a couple of thousand pounds, instructions to employ them in sheep-farming, and an intimation that, however strong his parental affection might be, it would never more result in pecuniary assistance."

"What the deuce has all this to do with that pigskin saddle?"

"Don't fluster your intellectual fat," returned Whittington, lighting a cigar. "Let me proceed in my own remarkable way. Drummond found himself surrounded in Cape by a set of fast young fellows who could out-jockey a jockey, out-billiard a 'crack' and out-sell a *vesuvienne*. With their assistance and the *aide charmante* of Susan Russell, a Dublin girl with the prettiest face and the most diabolical nature I ever honored by being interested in, his pounds took to themselves wings, and he found it convenient to leave the colony of the South, and come by steamer to Natal. Well, he hadn't a red cent when he landed, but he possessed any number of letters of introduction and otherwise, signed by the earl his father, or some other snob. These he showed me (I was manager of this same Moon Hotel at the time), but I was born in a free country, you see, and didn't care the toss-up of a flea's midriff whether his father was an earl or a snob; so I told him our terms were cash in advance, and he sloped. Stephens, the landlord of the Prince of Wales, had been the flunky of an aristocrat, and the parentage of Drummond he thought warranted credit to an indefinite amount and period. Bill became an inmate of his bungalow, and he talked so jolly big that he was soon surrounded by a circle of suckable admirers. He played billiards, always losing, gave his I O U's, and alluded to remittances. Just before the annual races, I heard that he had heavy bets on, and took occasion to tell my mind pretty freely about the fools who booked his name. One day he rode a black (which he got for a promissory note out of some gull) up the courtyard of this hotel. When he dismounted, I spied that very pigskin saddle on the black's back, and after an admiring examination, I asked him if he'd trade. He knew very well what my opinion was anent him, and he thought it a good opportunity for showing off."

"I buy," he returned, laying any amount of emphasis on the first verb—not sell. I am not a tradesman."

"Too much honor to be a tradesman," I reflected, "and a—slight too little honesty."

"He reddened like a turkey-cock at that, but his *physique* didn't back his inclination up, so he caved in before he ran his features against my fist. He lost all he had betted at the races, and owed money so generally that people got angry and wanted him to clear old scores up and start afresh, but he gave them nothing but the old chat all about remittances. Stephens's faith in him was unshakable."

"One morning I got up before the sun almost, and galloped a bucking colt up the town-hill, bringing it down again with all the bucking blown out of it. As I passed the Prince of Wales, I thought I might as well call in and liquor."

"Barman ain't up yet," said the groom, who was smoking his introductory pipe on a stoop in front of the stable-door."

"At that moment the back door of the hotel opened, and Drummond, in his trowsers and shirt, popped his head out."

"Pete been here?" he asked.

"No, he ain't," returned the groom, gruffly. He never got gratuitous currency from Bill."

"When he comes, call me," ordered Bill, as he turned in again to finish his wardrobe."

"This occurrence set me thinking. Pete was a converted Caffre, who, dressed in the garments of civilization, broke in horses, and sold them for more than they were worth. Presently, he came trotting in on the back of a raw-boned half-bred, with a hard mouth, and magnificent daylight under him."

"Mr. Drummond in?" he asked.

"Reckon he is," returned the groom.

"I'll fetch him," said I, drawing close up to Pete. "Going to sell him that colt, eh?"

"Ya," returned Pete, jumping down.

"How much?"

"Thirty-two. Check at three days for half, and a note at three months for the other half."

"I whistled."

"He's good enough, ain't he, Mr. Whittington?" asked Pete.

"Good as the bank—safe as houses," I replied, with enthusiasm. "Wait here, Pete, and I'll fetch him."

"Drummond, who always went in for maternal soda, had the key of the bar. Well, there might have been something in my face or manner which impressed him with an idea that politeness was the best policy."

"Going to liquor?"

"No objection," I replied. "Going to buy that horse, eh?"

"Yes," he answered, looking out of the window."

"What are you going to give him?"

"Cash," he replied, commencing to whistle in an embarrassed way."

"That's a—lie, Drummond," I observed; "you are going to give him a check at three days, and a bill at three months."

"What's that to you?" he asked, turning pasty about the gills."

"Your paper ain't worth a cent. Look

here, Drummond, you are going to cheat that Caffre, mount that horse, gallop down to D'Urban, sell that horse for cash, get on board a steamer, and go down to Algoa Bay, a colony you have not yet honored with your presence. Your creditors may just whistle for their money."

"You wouldn't ruin a man, Whittington?" he pleaded, with the tears in his eyes."

"Tell you what it is, Drummond: let me have that pigskin saddle, and go to the—in your own peculiar way."

"What am I to do for one? I can't ride sixty-seven miles bare-backed."

"Borrow a saddle from Stephens," I replied."

"I took that pigskin saddle away with me, and in a couple of days I had the pleasure of laughing at the sensation which Drummond's disappearance caused. A fortnight after I met Pete, the Caffre, who was particularly vituperative because his check had been returned on presentation at the London and South African Bank, with a couple of letters in one corner."

THE BATTLE OF ERIE.

GENERAL SICKLES' FIGHT ON EIGHTH AVENUE—THE MIDDAY ENGAGEMENT AND MIDNIGHT BIVOUAC.

THE Directors of the Erie Railroad Company, who for years have manipulated the affairs of that concern in the most mysterious manner, have at length suffered a "come over" totally unexpected to themselves and the public, and accompanied with dramatic effects of a high order. Whispers of strange doings at the offices in the Grand Opera House floated rapidly over the city late on Monday afternoon, March 11th, and though they swelled into an excited chorus, it was not until Tuesday morning that the public became aware of the surprise and victory at the Eighth Avenue palace."

The special meeting of the Directors of the Company was called to order at twelve o'clock, there being present F. A. Lane, J. D. White, H. N. Otis, Homer Ramsdell, Henry Thompson, John Hilton, O. H. P. Archer, M. R. Simons and George C. Hall. There were noticed about the handsomely-furnished room General John A. Dix, General George B. McClellan, S. L. M. Barlow, A. G. Shearman, the late Erie Ring lawyer; W. Watts Sherman, and other prominent gentlemen."

The first dialogue related to the prompt dismissal of the Erie lawyers, which being deemed absolutely necessary received, under the strategic management of the leading actors, a hearty acquiescence. An election for Directors to fill vacancies was then ordered, and Generals Dix and McClellan, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Barlow and others were nominated, and unanimously chosen. Mr. Barlow fired

THE FIRST SHOT OF THE BATTLE,

and the missile struck Jay Gould, the President of the Company, from his seat."

Nine directors making a quorum, one after the other of the old Board having resigned, their places were quickly filled up by such gentlemen as General Dix, who was made President of the Erie Railroad by a unanimous vote; General McClellan, S. L. M. Barlow, Homer Ramsdell and others. Mr. Archer resigned his seat and escorted General Dix to the President's chair. There was some slight confusion when a crowd of Jay Gould's scouts came into the Board room to reconnoitre. It was then attempted to serve a paper on Mr. Archer, which purported to be an injunction issued by Judge Ingraham; but the Vice-President refused to receive it, and the document in the excitement was torn to pieces."

THE FIGHT FOR THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

After the meeting of the new Board, it was determined to serve Jay Gould with an order to surrender the books and papers of the company to the lawfully-appointed officers. Captain Kennedy and Deputy-Marshal Crowley, of the United States Marshal's office, were selected. General Sickles approached the door and demanded admittance. No notice was taken of the demand, and the door remained obstinately closed. Gould and his lawyer had entrenched themselves in the President's room, and locked the door. Behind the door were a number of policemen, assisting Gould to save himself from the law. Kennedy and Crowley tried to open the door, and Gould and Shearman, with the police, held on to it. At last, a crowbar was brought and the door wrenched open; the friends of the new Board poured in and swept away the Erie roughs, police and principals."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Then did Jay Gould find himself possessed of all the romantic advantages of a genuine hair-breadth escape. Captain Kennedy and Marshal Crowley approached the caged bird to serve the paper, when suddenly he expanded his wings, and endeavored to soar to a clime where the law does not break in to arrest. This, however, was round impossible, for the pursuers were vigilant. But as the festive Jay flew through his gilded quarters, he spread a few chairs about his track, and as a trial of strength and military science, added now and then a desk to complete his hasty *chevaux-de-frise*, but the *avant-courriers* leaped the obstructions, and thrust the offensive document in his face."

After Gould's flight, General Dix, accompanied by Mr. Archer, General Sickles, and others, entered the President's room, and generally assumed control."

General Dix, the new President, retired from the scene of conflict as soon as it became evident that a complete victory had been gained. He left behind him Mr. Archer, whose first work was to obtain the adherence of the officers

of the road to the new régime. In the majority of cases no difficulty was experienced on this score, the officers freely signifying their allegiance to the new President and Directors."

POSTING THE NIGHT PICKETS.

By eight o'clock everything had assumed an apparently tranquil appearance in the palatial halls of Erie. In the President's, Auditor's and adjacent rooms a few members of the Press were idly waiting for coming events, and about a dozen of the regnant Erie party, with Mr. Archer in command, were lounging about in an anxious state of expectancy."

Quietly the two forces had been disposed for the night, and never did obstinate contestants enjoy a more luxuriant bivouac. There were the policemen, fully armed, not knowing to which army they belonged, and there were several hundred determined roughs, who avowed their intention of protecting Gould and his property, while caring little whose banner they bore as long as they had an engagement. They were spoiling for a fight. The former lay about the corridor, while the latter swarmed up the stairs and into the private offices of the directors, lounging on the handsome chairs and squirted tobacco-juice over the Brussels carpet. They vigilantly guarded the doors leading to that room, and scowled at every one who demanded admission. Finding that the services of all of them were not required for immediate active service, they broke up into groups in the various elegantly-furnished rooms recently occupied by leading officials of the Erie Railway Company, pulled out cigars and began to amuse themselves playing cards. Their loud laughter and coarse language and brutal oaths resounded through the building. They had a lively time, and played their part in the great battle with much gusto."

INCIDENTS OF THE BIVOUAC.

About half-past nine o'clock a loud clamor was heard at the Eighth Avenue entrance. The doors were violently banged, and the sound of rushing footsteps was heard. It was rumored that an attempt was being made by a gang in the interest of Gould to force an entrance into and take possession of the building. There was for some moments considerable alarm among the occupants in possession, and representing the new Directory, but it was quickly dispelled, for the clamor outside ceased as quickly as it had begun."

There were only three men who knew the combination of the safe of the Erie Railroad Company—Mr. Otis, the Secretary (who is with the new directory), Mr. Comer (late private secretary of James Fisk, Jr.), and Mortimer J. Smith, the Assistant Secretary. At a late hour information came that Mortimer J. Smith had been sent for by Jay Gould, and apprehending a move on the safe, two of the policemen were placed on guard. Mr. Smith appeared on the scene, accompanied by a friend. They opened the outer door, entered the safe-room, and opened the safe. The officers on watch interfered, and took from the pockets of Mr. Smith several papers, returned them to the safe, and ejected the intruders from the room."

In a room adjoining the directors' room, Mr. Archer, the Vice-President of the railroad, was engaged in consultation with a number of newly-appointed directors, and with several of the officials of the road. In another room, appropriated to Messrs. Field & Shearman, sat Jay Gould and his counsel and friends. They were in earnest conversation. They had been there from the moment Gould was ousted from the President's room until midnight. Mr. Archer remained for the night in command of the anti-ring forces. Gould remained persistently in his camp, seemingly planning for another struggle."

Amid the quietude which had spread over the scene, an event occurred shortly after midnight which revived the excitement of a few hours before. Suddenly a loud voice was heard calling out sternly, "Arrest that man." There was a rush of police officers toward the safe-room, and they seized a light-haired man named J. H. Whittaker, a clerk of Mr. David Dudley Field. It was discovered that he had quietly ascended the short stairway leading to the safe-room, and had abstracted books and papers. He explained that he was there to get some papers which were his private property, and not the property of the company. The books and papers in his possession were taken from him and returned to the safe. An armful of papers were, it is alleged, abstracted. A large force of police was stationed on the corridor leading to the safe-room, and precautions taken to guard against any further attempts of the wily Jay."

A guard was stationed over the gas-metre to prevent any tampering, and every precaution was taken by each party to render a surprise impossible."

SURRENDER OF THE BESIEGED.

On Tuesday the war was brought to a sudden end, by the capitulation of Jay Gould. After the preliminaries were arranged and the victory ratified, Mr. Gould escorted General Dix to his private room, and the latter seated himself in the President's chair. Both gentlemen looked remarkably gracious, and it was hard to realize that an hour before they had been at swords' points. Mr. Gould shook the general's hand, congratulating him on his accession in a few words, and explained to him the use of the telegraph, and other arrangements."

After General Dix had taken formal possession of his office, everybody seemed to regard the whole trouble at an end. Mr. Gould himself gave notice to the nondescripts that their services were unnecessary, and they immediately withdrew. The police, with the exception of a few officers who remained at the entrance of the building, retired also, and the rooms were a deserted appearance. Mr. Archer remained for a short time to transact

some official business and then took his departure, the others having preceded him."

At noon everything was quiet along the Eighth Avenue, and by night War had smoothed his wrinkled front."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

ALEXIS is off for Brazil.

THEY hang beggars in Hazelton, Ind.

SOJOURNER TRUTH is 80, and still preaching.

THE Mikado of Japan is anxious to visit us.

VICTORIA's visit in Germany will be very brief.

MISS MARY SOMERVILLE is 91, and wintering at Nice.

GENERAL PILLOW is urged for Governor of Tennessee.

ADMIRAL POLO is to be Spanish Minister at Washington.

THE old game of "Bazique" is coming into fashion again.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia wants to be King of Spain.

LORD NORTHBROOK succeeds the late Earl Mayo as Viceroy of India.

THE Queen has conferred a baronetcy upon the Lord Mayor of London.

BISMARCK's favorite daughter is about to marry a Bavarian nobleman.

MAZZINI, the Italian agitator, is dead, and the Chamber of Deputies is sad.

QUEEN VICTORIA has approved the grant of a pension to the widow of Mark Lemon.

THE Prince of Wales and the Prince of Thiers have exchanged calls at Paris.

THE people of Portland, Me., Neal Down to Neal Dow, 'n ask him to be their Mayor.

THE British Government is negotiating a shipping convention with the United States.

A DOUBLE line of telegraph is being constructed across the Andes, in South America.

OUR Grant Duke, instead of entering the army on his return, takes a trip into matrimony.

AMONG the Cheviot hills of Scotland they boast of sheep whose wool will measure 11½ inches.

THE Emperor of Brazil has purchased three large packing-cases full of photographs in Paris.

HON. CHARLES HALE is the youngest Speaker who ever presided over the Massachusetts House.

IT costs three cents less to raise a pound of cotton now than it did before emancipation was proclaimed.

EXTENSIVE alterations and repairs are to be made in the Niagara suspension bridge during the coming season.

GENERAL HOWARD is instructed to induce the Apaches to remove their reservation from Arizona to New Mexico.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, President of the Girard College, has been chosen President of the American Bible Society.

DR. McLEOD, the private physician to Queen Victoria, has served the royal family in that capacity for nearly 14 years.

JUDGING from the portrait recently published, one cannot help sighing, "Be it ever so humble, there's no face like Holmes."

KING AMADEUS is concentrating his army around Madrid, disarming the National Guard and preparing to defend his throne.

OHIO has fixed the value of a human life at \$10,000, that being the sum for which corporations can be sued for killing anybody.

MR. B. G. NORTHRUP, of Connecticut, has been offered \$10,000 a year in gold to superintend the Japanese educational department.

THE quiet Shakers of Harvard and Shirley, Mass., have put in an application to be allowed some share in the noise of the great jubilee.

AN old lady of Auburn, N. Y., makes a salve which she claims will remove proud-flesh, and suggests a plaster for each church-door.

TWO YOUNG men of Knoxville have had gas-bills presented them by young ladies whom they visited and kept up until the "wee small hours."

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN has appointed Robert Graham, of Queens County, Aid-de-camp on his staff, in place of Colonel Townsend Connolly, resigned.

PLAYING the harp is getting to be a very fashionable accomplishment, especially among young ladies whom nature has gifted with handsome arms.

HORSEFLESH is yet the favorite food of Parisians. On the 2d of January last twenty large shops were opened in the French capital for its exclusive sale.

THE New York Assembly has passed the bill appropriating \$5,000 to Mrs. Sergeant Wyatt, whose husband was killed during the 12th of July riot.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VON SCHWEINITZ, the German Ambassador at Vienna, is about to marry the daughter of Mr. John Jay, American Minister to Austria.

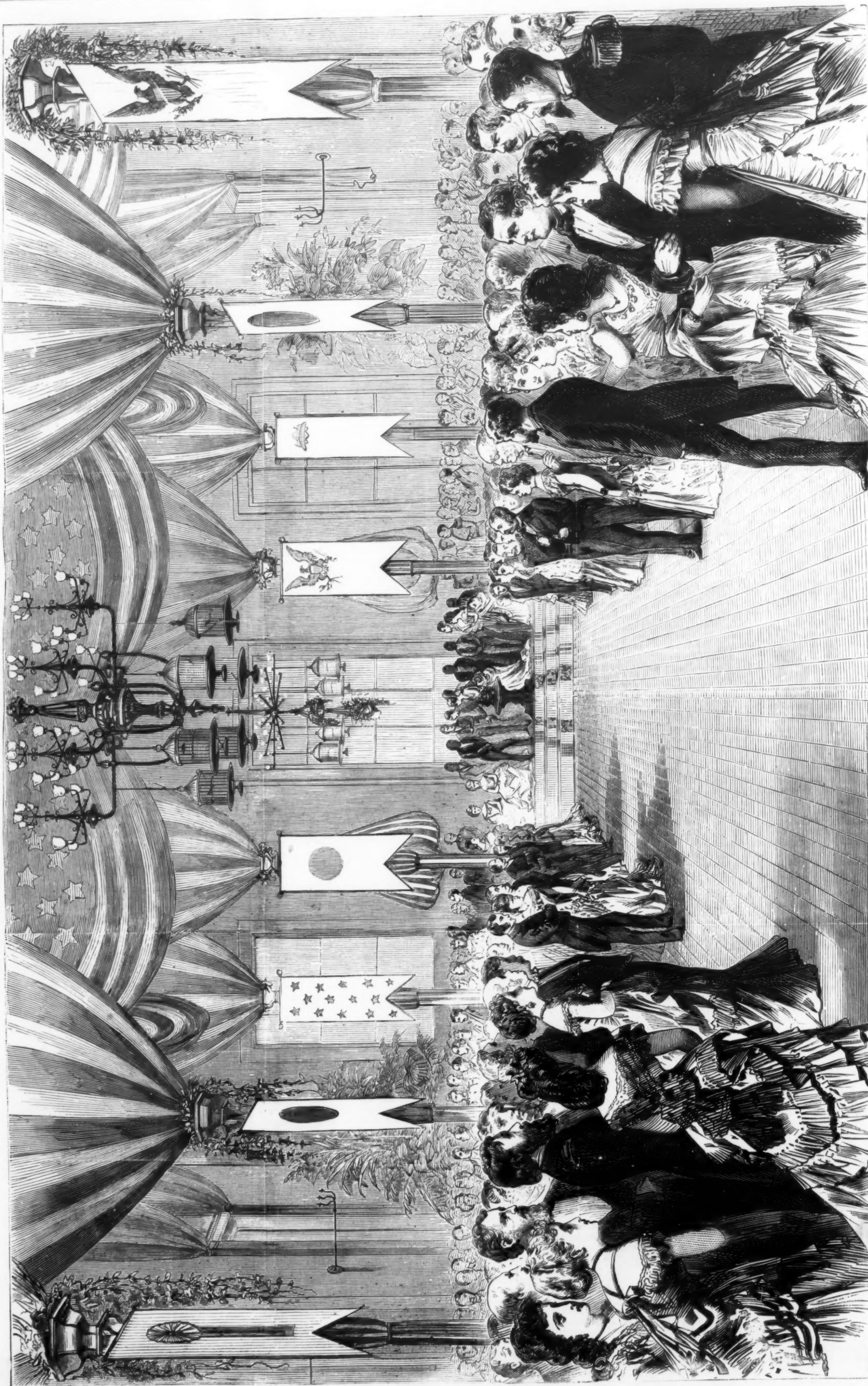
PRINCE ORLOFF, of Russia, is creating a sensation in Paris by his fine horsemanship. His coal-black steed cost \$4,000, and came from Tartary, so it is said.

THE chief pleasure of the Emperor William of Germany is said to have been, heretofore, French theatricals, including the ballet, but French actors and actresses now decline engagement.

THE Dowager Queen of Prussia and the Queen of Saxony are twin-sisters, both of whom have lately been living together for a period at the very picturesque Castle of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine.

THE latest fashion at weddings is for a gentleman to present his daughter with a check for a large amount, which is displayed with the other presents, but taken back by the indulgent *père* at the close of the reception.

THE first velvet-factory in the United States has been started by a French colony in Kansas, at the town of Franklin, eighteen miles southwest of Ottawa. The colony began operations last Summer on the co-operative plan, and have already, besides their manufactory, comfortable dwellings, stores, shops and farms under full cultivation.



WASHINGTON CITY.—GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



WYOMING TERRITORY.—A PASSENGER TRAIN OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD IN A SNOW-DRIFT, NEAR WYOMING STATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. SAVAGE.

JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE RECEPTION AT MASONIC HALL, WASHINGTON.

THE grandest reception of the season was given by the United States Government, on Tuesday evening, March 5th, at Masonic Hall, Washington, in honor of the Japanese Embassy. The decorations of the hall surpassed anything that has been seen in Washington for many a day. The exquisite perfume from thousands of flowers, arranged in pyramids or suspended in baskets of moss, together with the warbling of a hundred birds, carried one, in imagination, to Fairyland.

The hall was tastefully decorated with American and Japanese flags. The leading members of the Embassy were attired in American "full dress." There were a large number of persons of both sexes present, representing every class of Washington society, official and private; all were in evening dress. The Marine Band furnished the music on the occasion.

The Japanese stood upon the platform on the east side of the hall, arranged in line. About the centre of the platform were Vice-President Colfax, Iwakura, Secretary Fish and Mr. Mori. The company ascended on one side, passed before the Japanese, pausing a few moments for presentation to the Ambassadors, and then descended on the other side. About ten o'clock the refreshment-room was thrown open, and the Japanese, escorted by the Vice-President, Speaker, and members of the Cabinet, proceeded thither, the remainder of the company falling into line behind them. It was midnight before the dense crowd succeeded in reaching the room, parties of about one hundred being admitted at a time. The entertainment was on testical principles, there being nothing stronger to drink than water.

The Ambassadors, who are learning American

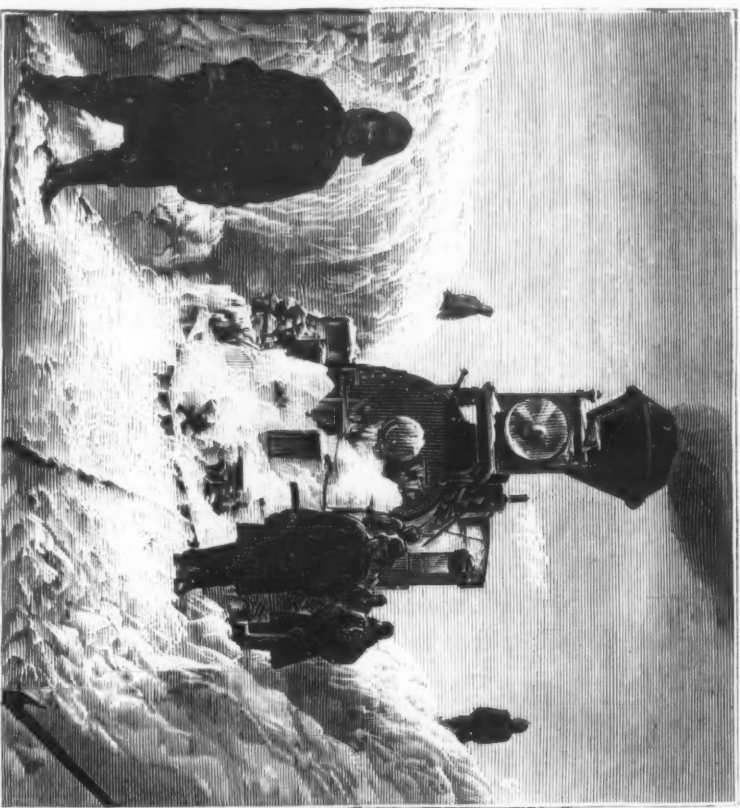
ways with wondrous rapidity, behaved very much as other men would under similar circumstances. Conversation, of course, had to be carried on chiefly through an interpreter; but they show a disposition to acquire our language with great ease, and one or two of them, Governor Ito among the rest, who visited this country last summer, are able to converse in English with ease. The members of the Embassy expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the Government's reception.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE.

WE give further illustrations of the great snow siege along the route of the Union Pacific Railroad, with the particulars of which our readers are already acquainted.

The actual troubles of east-bound passengers began at Ogden. Previous to reaching that point, the travelers were quite jolly over the novel garb that nature had assumed, and fashioned brilliant stories to please and excite their far-away friends. But when Ogden was passed, and train after train came to a halt; when provisions grew scarce, and patience rebellious; when the snow-sheds were proven incompetent for their mission, and the huge drifts were swept reverently over the trains; when "all hands" were ordered out to dig the engines from the unyielding embrace; when the game and song, the story and flirtation had lost their charms—then jollity vanished, and feelings of a terrible, freezing loneliness succeeded.

The first blockade of the season occurred as long ago as October 12th, 1871, in the vicinity of Rawlins, and then rapidly extended east and west. The greatest depth of falling snow on the line of the road was fifty-four inches. This, in itself, was not so very formidable.



THE SNOW BLOCKADE.—DIGGING OUT A TRAIN ON LARAMIE PLAINS, T. F. R. R. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. SAVAGE.



THE SNOW BLOCKADE.—ATTACKING A DRIFT WITH THE SNOW-FLOW. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. SAVAGE.

dable; but when the hurricanes swept from the mountains, catching the light material and rolling it into clouds—then toying, as a delighted child, with the sparkling baubles and puffing them into the ravines and against the sheds, as if determined that travelers should stop and admire—the frigid horrors of the locality became only too soon apparent.

THE VALLEY ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

THE SNOW PROBLEM.

The four principal routes that have been surveyed to the Pacific have the following mean elevation above the sea level: 1. The extreme Southern or Texas Pacific route has an average altitude of 2,300 feet. 2. The 35th parallel route, 3,600. 3. The Middle route, extending 1,770 miles, from Omaha to Sacramento, 5,000 feet. 4. The Northern route, from Lake Superior and St. Paul to Puget Sound, 1,900 feet.

The Northern route has on its main line but two summits, the highest of which has an altitude not much exceeding 5,000.

The remarkably low altitude of the Northern line fully entitles it to the designation it has received of the Valley Route to the Pacific.

Crossing at right angles the Valleys of the Mississippi and the Red River of the North, it traverses the rolling prairies of Dakota to the broad and fertile valleys of the Missouri and Yellowstone. The latter it follows nearly the entire length of Montana to the foot of the mountains. Ascending the eastern slope by an almost imperceptible grade, the Northern line enters the valley of a branch of the Columbia, and follows that noble river to tide-water on the Pacific.

The leading advantages resulting to the Northern Pacific Railroad from the low altitude of the valley route along which it is building are: 1. A mild climate and a sheltered position. 2. Entire freedom from winter obstructions. 3. A productive and verdant-covered country flanking the road, resulting in rapid settlement, a large tributary population and a profitable local traffic. 4. An abundance of good water. 5. A saving of many millions in cost of construction. 6. A succession of natural and easy grades, which will greatly reduce the cost of operating the road.

The experience of the past Winter has thoroughly justified the claim that the Northern Pacific Road, when completed, will not be at any time obstructed by snow.

Chief Engineer Roberts, of the Northern Pacific Road, who has carefully studied the Western snow problem during the past three years, in a recent report, sums up his conclusions in this sentence:

"With ordinary means of protection at exposed points, the Northern Pacific Railroad, when completed by the Yellowstone route, can unquestionably be kept open for regular traffic its entire length across the continent, even during Winters as severe as the present, should they occur."

He further says, alluding to a mass of testimony from Montana:

"These very favorable reports, during a Winter of unprecedented severity, cover the most elevated and mountainous portion of our line, where obstructions from snow would occur if anywhere on the route; and, when it is remembered that the obstructions on the Union Pacific have been virtually confined to a section of 180 miles, every part of which is at least 1,000 feet higher than the highest summit on the Northern route, and most of which is 2,500 to 3,000 feet higher than the mountain section of equal length on the Northern Pacific line, it becomes perfectly safe to predict for the latter as complete exemption from Winter blockade as is enjoyed by railroads in New York and New England."

The Northern Pacific Road, following as it will the channel-way of the great rivers of the continent, will, from the day of its completion, furnish a reliable means of transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It is particularly important that this fact be emphasized, now that we have among us an important Embassy from Japan, whose report on the efficiency of our trans-continental thoroughfares will do much to hasten or retard the increase of our direct trade with the Orient.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The great American dessert—Fruit.

A MAN is described as having Ohio features if he has only one.

WHEN is a cat like a tea-pot? When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

COMPETING railway lines ordinarily exhibit very little freight-earnal feeling.

CAN you suggest a suitable wife for a seed-smart? Oh, yes, a nursery-maid.

WHAT is the difference between a waltz and a young widow? One is a giddy whirl, and the other a widdy-girl.

CO-NUN-DRUM—Are the fair inhabitants of a convent generally so meagre in appearance because they lead a nun-natural kind of life?

FORM of oath in San Francisco courts: "Sommy Swathy tesny you shagginkeas nowntril shabby truth nothin butty truth seppy gob washy name."

JUDGE HOAR once said of a lawyer: "He has reached the superlative life; at first he sought to get on, and then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

A KEEPER who was taking two convicts to the State prison last week, when the train stopped at Sing Sing, called out: "Step out, gentlemen; fifteen years for refreshments."

THE new synonym for "retiring" is "Col-faxing." Parents no longer admonish their children that it is "time to go to bed," but tenderly observe, "My darlings, it is time you Col-faxed."

"Mrs. Muffin," said a visitor, "Emily has your features, but I think she has her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said the dear little Emma, "it's because I have father's hair that he has got to wear a wig."

ARITHMETICAL problems are now going the rounds of the papers. We, too, have one: If a milk-maid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk from fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

A FORGETFUL young woman out West the other night aroused the inmates of a hotel to which her bridal trip had led, on account of her finding a man in her room. The trifling circumstance of her marriage that morning had quite escaped her memory, and it was not until summary justice was about to be visited on the offender that she happened to recollect it.

A FASHIONABLE importer says that the dresses for Spring wear are made up with an Alexis polonaise, the waist of which contains a steel trap, concealed by a masked panther. When a young gentleman calls who is considered a catch, and accidentally or otherwise places his arm around the wearer's waist, he hears a "click," and finds his arm caught. A big brother and lamp enters, and it is neck or nothing with the victim.

The Grand Revolution in Medical Treatment, which was commenced in 1860, is still in progress. Nothing can stop it, for it is founded on the principle, now universally acknowledged, that physical vigor is the most formidable antagonist of all human ailments, and experience has shown that PLANTATION BITTERS is a peerless invigorant, as well as the best possible safeguard against epidemic diseases.

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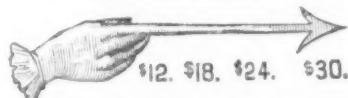
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